

## MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

SECOND PICTURE.—BREAKFAST SCENE.

*From Hogarth's Works.—Edited by the REV. J. THUSLER.*

THIS scene represents a saloon in the young nobleman's house, not long after the breaking up of a party. The clock shows us it is noon. We are to suppose, then, by the candles being still burning, that the day had been shut out, and converted into night; a circumstance not a little characteristic of the irregularity and disorder that reign within the house; and that, after an hour or two's sleep, madam is just risen to breakfast; whose rising has occasioned that of the family in general. This is intimated by one of the servants in the back-ground of this plate, who we are to understand, though scarce awake, has hurried on his clothes, in order to set the house in some measure to rights. By the treatise of Hoyle upon the floor, we are taught the idle study of people of distinction, to whom books in general are disgusting, unless they tend to dissipation, or serve to instruct them in their favourite amusements. With respect to the attitudes of the two principal figures, the fineness of the thought, and the particular exactness of the expressions, they must be allowed to be extremely beautiful. They are at the same time well introduced, as from the indifference that gives rise to them springs the destruction of this unhappy family. On the one hand we are to suppose the lady totally neglected by her husband; on the other, by way of contrast, that the husband is just returned from a night's dissipation fatigued and exhausted. And as pleasures of this sort are seldom without interruption, we are shown, by the female cap in his pocket, and his broken sword, that he has been engaged in some riot or uproar. An old faithful steward, who has a regard for the family, seems to have taken this opportunity (not being able to find a better) to settle his accounts; but the general disorder of the family, and the indisposition of his master and mistress, render it impossible. See him then returning in an attitude of concern, dreading the approaching ruin of them both. As a satire on the extravagance of the nobility, Mr. Hogarth has humorously put into this man's hands a number of unpaid bills, and placed upon the file only one receipt; intimating the general bad pay of people of quality.

Led, then, from one act of dissipation to another, the hero of this piece meets his de-

struction in hunting after pleasure. Little does he imagine what misery awaits him, and what dreadful consequences will be the result of his proceedings; but runs heedlessly on in his dissipated career, until he seals his unhappy fate.

It has been justly remarked that "the figure of the young libertine, who on his return home, after day-break, has thrown himself into a chair, is so admirable for its attitude, expression, drawing, and colouring, as alone utterly to refute the assertion of Lord Orford, that Hogarth, however great as an author or inventor, possessed as a painter but slender merit."

**A REASONING FOX.**—A certain Jägare, who was one morning keeping watch in the forest, observed a fox cautiously making his approach towards the stump of an old tree. When sufficiently near, he took a high and determined jump on to the top of it; and after looking around awhile, hopped to the ground again. After Reynard had repeated this knightly exercise several times, he went his way; but presently he returned to the spot, bearing a pretty large and heavy piece of dry oak in his mouth; and thus burdened, and as it would seem for the purpose of testing his vaulting powers, he renewed his leaps on to the stump. After a time, however, and when he found that, weighted as he was, he could make the ascent with facility, he desisted from further effort, dropped the piece of wood, and coiling himself upon the top of the stump, remained motionless as if dead. At the approach of evening, an old sow and her progeny, five or six in number, issued from a neighboring thicket, and, pursuing their usual track, passed near to the stump in question. Two of her sucklings followed somewhat behind the rest, and just as they neared his ambush, Michel, with the rapidity of thought, darted down from his perch upon one of them, and in the twinkling of an eye bore it in triumph on to the fastness he had so providently prepared beforehand. Confounded at the shrieks of her offspring, the old sow returned in fury to the spot, and until late in the night, made repeated desperate attempts to storm the murderer's stronghold; but the fox took the matter very coolly, and devoured the pig under the very nose of its mother; which at length, with the greatest reluctance, and without being able to revenge herself on her crafty adversary, was forced to beat a retreat.

*Lloyd's Scandinavian Adventures.*

## A GHOST AT THE DANCING.

A WIND-WAVED tulip-bed—a tinted cloud  
Of butterflies careering in the air—  
A many-figured arras quick with life  
And merry unto midnight music dumb  
—So the dance whirls. Do any think of thee,  
Amiel, Amiel?

Friends greet, and countless rills of pleasant  
talk  
Meander round, scattering a spray of smiles.  
—I know 'twas false! I know, one minute more  
And thou wilt stand there, tall and quiet-eyed,  
And all these fair show black beside thy face.  
Amiel, Amiel!

Many here loved thee—I nor loved, scarce  
knew,  
Yet in thy place I see a shadow rise,  
And a face forms itself from empty air,  
Watching the dancers, grave and quiet-eyed—  
Eyes that do see the angels evermore,  
Amiel, Amiel!

On such a night as this, midst dance and song,  
I bade thee carelessly a light good-by—  
'Farewell,' thou saidst—'A happy journey  
home!'  
Did the unseen death-angel at thy side  
Mock those low words: '*A happy journey  
home,*'  
Amiel, Amiel?

Ay—we play fool's play still—thou hast gone  
home.  
While these dance here, a mile hence o'er thy  
rest  
Drifts the deep New-year snow. The cloudy  
Gate  
We spoke of, thou hast entered. I without  
Grope ignorant, but thou dost all things know,  
Amiel, Amiel!

What if, I sitting where we sat last year,  
Thou cam'st—took'st up our broken thread of  
talk,  
And told'st of thy new home—which now I see,  
As children wandering o'er dark winter fields,  
See on the hill the father's window shine,  
Amiel, Amiel?

No! Thy fair face will glad me nevermore.  
Thy pleasant words are ended. Yet thou livest:  
'Tis we who die.—I too shall one day come,  
And viewless, view these shadows, quiet-eyed:  
Then flit back to thy land—the *living* Land,  
Amiel, Amiel!

*Chambers's Journal.*

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.—Lord Nugent, in his  
*Lands, Classical and Sacred*, vol. ii. p. 18,  
says:

"The spot shown as the place of the Nativity,  
and that of the manger, both of which are in a  
crypt or subterranean chapel under the church  
of St. Katherine, are in the hand of the Roman  
Catholics. The former is marked by this

simple inscription on a silver star set in the  
pavement—

'Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus  
est.'"

The Emperor of the French as Representative of the Latin Church, first raised the question of the sacred places, now likely to involve the Pentarchy of Europe in a *quasi* civil war, by attempting, through the authority of the Sultan of Turkey, to restore the above inscription, which had been defaced, as is supposed, by the Greek Christians; and thereby encountering the opposition of the Emperor of the Russias, who claims to represent the Eastern Church.—*Notes and Queries.*

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CANT"—From the *Mercurius Publicus* of Feb. 28, 1661. Edinburgh:

"Mr. Alexander Cant, son to Mr. Andrew Cant (who in his discourse *De Excommunicatione trucidando* maintained that all refusers of the Covenant ought to be excommunicated, and that all so excommunicated might lawfully be killed), was lately deposed by the Synod for divers seditious and impudent passages in his sermons at several places, as at the pulpit of Banchnry; 'That whoever would own or make use of a service-book, king, nobleman, or minister, the curse of God should be upon him.'

"In his Grace after Meat, he praid for those phanaticques and seditious ministers (who are now secured) in these words, 'The Lord pity and deliver the precious prisoners who are now suffering for the truth, and close up the mouths of the *Edomites*, who are now rejoicing;' with several other articles too long to recite."

From these two Cants (Andrew and Alexander) all seditious praying and preaching in Scotland is called "Canting."—*Notes and Queries.*

JOHN BUNYAN.—The following advertisement is copied from the *Mercurius Reformatus* of June 11, 1690, vol. ii. No. 27:

"Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and many other excellent books, that hath found great Acceptance, hath left behind him Ten Manuscripts prepared by himself for the Press, before his Death: His Widow is desired to print them (with some other of his Works, which have been already printed, but are at present not to be had), which will make together a Book of 10s. in sheets, in Fol. All persons who desire so great and good a Work should be performed with speed, are desired to send in 5s. for their first Payment to Dorman Newman, at the King's Arms in the Poultry, London: Who is empowered to give Receipts for the same."

Can any of your readers say whether such a publication as that which is here proposed ever took place; that is, a publication of "ten manuscripts," of which none had been previously printed?—*Notes and Queries.*

From the Westminster Review.

## SCIENCE AT SEA.

*Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. "Rattlesnake," commanded by the late Captain Owen Stanley, R.N., F.R.S., during the Years 1846-50, including Discoveries and Surveys in New Guinea, the Louisiade Archipelago, &c. &c.* By JOHN MACGILLIVRAY, F.R.G.S., Naturalist to the Expedition. London: T. & W. Boone.

ADVENTURE and Romance have, of course, ceased out of the world, the only pleasant and proper frame of mind in these days being, to be *blasé*, and to take as the saving article of faith, that there is nothing in anything. Yet even those who are most fully imbued with this modern Quietism, were once boys, and will plead guilty to having followed with beating hearts the fortunes of Quarles and Crusoe, or to having aspired to tread one day in the footsteps of Mungo Park. Each of us has been his own Columbus—to each there has been a time when the idea of a voyage of discovery filled us with inexpressible longing—when we believed, that beyond the world we knew, there lay a southern cloud-land full of strange wonders and overflowing with adventure. But we have grown older and wiser. We know that sturdy Saxon speculators are projecting railroads and cutting canals, where once stood Balboa "silent upon a peak in Darien," and where Drake's vow was uttered, that he would yet sail an English ship upon the great South Sea. A greater empire than that of Ferdinand and Isabella threatens to swallow up the degenerate successors of Cortez; and the route which gained for Sebastian de Elcano the proud motto, "Primus circumdedisti me," is now the highway of the commerce of another Saxon offshoot. Mere locomotion no longer brings either novelty or excitement. One might be wrecked on the shores of New Zealand without a chance of being eaten, the Maoris having abjured mats and man, and adopted swallow-tail coats and mutton, some time ago. "Bass" and the "Times," Manchester prints and Birmingham hardware, meet one everywhere; and the burgee of the yacht squadron may be seen flying in the harbors of the Tierra del Espíritu Santo, that geographical "Holy Grail" for which Quiros set so many nautical knights-errant seeking. It is hopeless for the ordinary traveller to expect that any particular interest will be attached to his proceedings. The world is not now big enough for the performance of a journey which shall have the importance once attached to the "Grand Tour." Men of business now run over to India, or to Australia, and back, without remark, and

ladies go to the top of Mont Blanc, to Borneo, to the White Nile, and all sorts of other impossible places.

In short, as we have said, adventure and romance have died out; but fortunately human nature remains what it was, and the interest excited by the contradiction between man and his desires on the one hand, and outward circumstances on the other, is perennial. Sea-life is as different from shore-life as it always has been. The practical shiftiness required by the sailor, in his constant battle with the elements, is as far apart from the speculative acuteness and abstraction necessary to the man of science as ever; nor can we imagine circumstances less fitted for the latter, than those in which the life of the former is cast. Nay, leaving science out of the question, it must be interesting for us, who "live at home at ease" in this nineteenth century, when physical luxury and intellectual refinement have become the necessities of life, and when nine men out of ten go to their graves without knowing what it is to be fairly let down upon the real primary wants of humanity, food and shelter—to consider the condition of a society whose members are required to submit more strictly than Dominican or Franciscan to the three monastic vows—who see for months no civilized faces, but their own tanned and bearded visages—who feast with the thermometer at 90°, upon salt-junk, and (*horribile dictu*) three-water grog—and whose intercourse with the Muses is confined to such painting as emanates from the non-æsthetic brain of a first-lieutenant, and to the music of the fiddle and pipe, which stimulates Jack to exert himself in heaving round the capstan.

To such thoughts, the perusal of the work which heads this article, the plain and straightforward narrative of a surveying and exploring voyage in the South Seas, has led us. In the year 1846, Captain Owen Stanley, a young and zealous officer, of good report for his capabilities as a scientific surveyor, was intrusted with the command of the *Rattlesnake*, a vessel of six-and-twenty guns, strong and seaworthy, but one of that class unenviably distinguished in the war-time as a "donkey frigate." To the laity it would seem, that a ship journeying to unknown regions, when the lives of a couple of hundred men may, at any moment, depend upon her handiness in going about, so as to avoid any suddenly discovered danger, should possess the best possible sailing qualities. The Admiralty, however, makes its selection upon other principles, and exploring vessels will be invariably found to be the slowest, clumsiest, and in every respect the most inconvenient ships which wear the pennant.

In accordance with the rule, such was the *Rattlesnake*, and to carry out the spirit of the authorities more completely, she was turned out of Portsmouth dockyard in such a disgraceful state of unfitness, that her lower deck was continually under water during the voyage.

As the ship was professedly sent for scientific purposes, Captain Stanley was provided with a strong staff of scientific coadjutors—surveyors, magneticians, &c. Mr. Macgillivray, the author of the work before us, held the appointment of naturalist, and the large collection, at present deposited in our national museum, testifies to the zeal and energy with which he discharged his duties; but it is a curious illustration of the manner in which official science is carried out in this country, that he left without instructions of any kind, and with no obligation between himself and the government except that, during the time of the employment of the ship, he should receive a fixed sum per annum for being called naturalist. If he had not brought home so much as a cowrie, and had totally refused to give any account of his proceedings, the Admiralty would have had no remedy against him. Again, it will be readily understood, that in so large a field as natural history, no living man can carry in his head a tithe part of what is known, so as to be able when he finds an animal or a plant to be certain whether it is new or not, worth investigation, or already well known. It is necessary to be provided with works of reference, which are ruinously expensive to a private individual, though a mere dewdrop in the general cost of the fitting-out of a ship, especially as they might be kept in store, and returned at the end of a commission like other stores. A hundred pounds would have well supplied the *Rattlesnake*, but she sailed without a volume—an application made by her captain not having been attended to.

We must beg the reader who would understand Captain Stanley's instructions as they are recorded in the volumes before us, to spread out a large map of the world, and fix his eye upon the position of Sydney, the capital of New South Wales. It must be remembered, that an important and increasing commercial intercourse takes place between China and India on the one hand, and the Australian colonies upon the other. Now it will be obvious that there are two roads open for ships travelling between these countries, one by the south coast of Australia, the other by the north coast, between Australia and New Guinea, through the Straits of Torres. It will be noticed, that while the southern route presents a

fine open sea free from all danger, the northern passes through that triangular space of the Pacific, bounded by Australia upon the west, by New Caledonia, the Louisiade, and New Guinea upon the east and north, so filled by a labyrinthine mass of coral reefs, islands, and shoals, as to have received the appellation, which it well deserves, of the "Coral Sea." At first sight then, it would appear that the southern route is infinitely to be preferred to the northern; but here climatal conditions come into play, and the navigator finds it far better to trust the gentle and favourable breezes of the southern trade wind which accompany him upon the northern passage (reefs and shoals notwithstanding), than to encounter the almost certain delays and dangers of the strong westerly gales, which have made the neighbourhood of the Leewin almost as much to be dreaded as that of Cape Horn.

The passage by Torres Straits, therefore, is that which is now exclusively adopted by mariners. But the peculiar physical geography of this part of the world—whose structure is altogether unique—divides that portion of the northern route which lies between Sydney and Torres Straits into two routes, known respectively as the inner and the outer. The reefs of the Coral Sea, in fact, are, in the main, gathered into one huge rampart with openings here and there—the Great Barrier Reef—which stretches (at a distance varying from 100 miles to 10 miles from the mainland of Australia) from opposite Break-sea spit far into the great bight of New Guinea in nearly 9° south.

Outside this wall of reefs the sea is tolerably free from scattered patches, but it is of immeasurable depth; it is open to the whole sweep of the Pacific, and offers not the slightest shelter of any description. To get through the narrow openings in the Barrier Reef, the sailor must trust entirely to his latitude; and, like Cook, he may be carried away at the mercy of any of the multitudinous currents if the wind fall light as he approaches the reefs. Captain Blackwood—who so successfully performed the dangerous duty in which he was employed in *H.M.S. Fly*—by carefully surveying the outer edge of the Barrier Reef and placing a beacon upon Raine's islet, so as to mark out the most commodious of the openings, did all that could be done at that time to increase the safety of the outer route; but it still remained a great desideratum to ascertain whether—if a ship had been carried beyond the latitude of any of the known passages in consequence of thick or heavy weather—there was any possibility of her passing



round the northern end of the reef between it and the mainland of New Guinea, which would of course always afford an excellent landmark.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties we have mentioned, masters of merchant-ships infinitely preferred the outer to the inner route. Within the Barrier Reef, indeed, the obstacles are of precisely the opposite kind. The sea is comparatively shallow, and the great reef acts as a sort of break-water in diminishing the violence of the waves. But although Captain King had carefully laid down the coast line, and had marked out a feasible passage, yet so long as the whole space had not been carefully examined and triangulated would the necessity for frequently anchoring—and the great difficulty of distinguishing any dangerous reefs ahead, in consequence of the glare of the sun (north at midday) upon the water—prevent the passage from being used by merchantmen. Another circumstance rendered the examination of the inner route a matter of great importance. A steam communication with Australia (now happily existing) was, seven years ago, beginning to be talked about, and it was thought that steamers, with their abundant power always at command, would find the smooth water of the inner passage peculiarly favourable, if the dangers in their way were only clearly pointed out.

It was, then, to the exploring of the Coral Sea both within and without the Barrier Reef, in such a manner as would best contribute to the safety of vessels passing through Torres Straits, that Captain Stanley's instructions directed his attention. He had an important task confided to him, a work which must be of vital importance to the commerce and resources of what bids fair to be one day the great empire of the south, and this task he performed in the fullest and most satisfactory manner. As Mr. Macgillivray very justly says (vol. ii. p. 68):

"The most important practical result of Captain Stanley's survey of the Louisiade Archipelago and the south coast of New Guinea, was the ascertaining of a clear channel of at least thirty miles in width along the south shores of those islands stretching east and west between Cape Deliverance and the north-east entrance to Torres Straits, a distance of about 600 miles. This space was so traversed by the two vessels of the expedition without any detached reefs being discovered, that it does not seem probable that any such exist there, with the exception of the eastern fields of Flinders, the position and extent of which may be regarded as determined with sufficient accuracy for the purposes of navigation; and the reefs alluded to at p. 288 of vol. i., which,

if they exist at all, and are not merely the eastern fields laid down far to the eastward of their true position, must be sought for further to the southward. The shores in question may now be approached with safety, and vessels may run along them either by day or night under the guidance of the chart, without running the risk of coming upon unknown reefs."

After what we have said with regard to the peculiar difficulties of the inner and outer routes, the value of this discovery is obvious.

The great objection to the outer route is removed. Vessels can keep plenty of sea-room, avoiding the dangerous vicinity of the Great Barrier Reef, until they make the coast of New Guinea or the islands of the Louisiade, whose high peaks will afford admirable beacons for the direction of their westward course. However well adapted the inner route may be for steamers, now that it has been well swept and its dangers carefully marked out, the necessity for anchoring, though reduced by Captain Stanley's survey to only three times, will probably deter the masters of mercantile sailing vessels (to whom getting up the anchor, short handed as they are, is always a very serious business) from following it, and therefore this new, wide, and safe passage round the northern end of the dreaded barrier is one of the most important boons that could be conferred upon them.

Such were the direct objects of Captain Stanley's voyage. In working them out, the examination of the countries with which he was brought in contact, New Guinea and the Louisiade Archipelago, the last corners of the world accessible by sea, which, in 1846, were still unexplored, was necessarily considered subordinate, but nevertheless many points of interest have been elicited, to some of which we shall refer below. Of all those who were actively engaged upon the survey, the young commander alone was destined by inevitable fate to be robbed of his just reward. Care and anxiety, from the mobility of his temperament, sat not so lightly upon him as they might have done, and this, joined to the physical debility produced by the enervating climate of New Guinea, fairly wore him out, making him prematurely old, before much more than half of the allotted span was completed. But he died in harness, the end attained, the work that lay before him honourably done. Which of us may dare to ask for more? He has raised an enduring monument in his works, and his epitaph shall be the grateful thanks of many a mariner threading his way among the mazes of the Coral Sea.

From his point of view, and with the purpose which he has set before himself, Mr. Macgillivray has performed his task well, and has furnished a clear and simple narrative, equalling, if not excelling, any work of the kind which has appeared since Mr. Darwin's admirable and inimitable "Journal of a Naturalist." It has plainly been no part of his plan to make any more of his materials and to give us the human, as well as the scientific side of his voyage. We look at the dots and lines and soundings on the charts, no less than at the birds, beasts, and fishes, and great vocabularies of strange tongues, which express the net result of the voyage, with due reverence, but we hanker for something more. Some one has said that if Saint Peter's at Rome were a natural crystallization, a stalactitic grotto, we should not take the great interest in it we do now, when we know that every cornice is the solidification of a human thought. We confess to an entire sympathy with the feeling, and thence to a desire, having these scientific results, to know something of the mode of existence, with all its pains and pleasures, of the flesh and blood which obtained them. So far as our author informs us, he might have been the Ancient Mariner, and his companions "blessed ghosts;" but we have been favoured with access to the journals and letters of the captain and some of his officers, and eking out this knowledge with fragments from other sources, we have thence formed a picture of life, especially scientific life, on board a ship, for our own benefit and that of our readers.

The little world enclosed within the timbers of a man-of-war is a most remarkable community—hardly to be rendered vividly intelligible to the mere landsman in these days of constitutional government and freedom of the press. It is a community, too, whose salient characters have but rarely met with adequate description, for the majority of those to whom they are thoroughly familiar, enter it so young and become imbued with its spirit so thoroughly, as to lose the perception of its anomalies. One perfectly competent observer, however, no less a person than the author of "Peter Schlemihl," who accompanied Kotzebue in his circumnavigatory voyage in the *Rurick*, has furnished a sketch of sea-life, at once so graphic and so good-tempered, that we cannot refrain from making one or two quotations:—

"There is something quite peculiar in life on board a ship. Have you ever read Jean Paul's 'Biography of the Twins,' who were united together by their backs? That is something similar, though not the same. The life with-

out you is monotonous and empty, like the mirror of the sea and the blue of heaven which rests over it; no occurrences; no news. Eating-time divides the day by returning twice—though rather to one's annoyance than for any enjoyment.

"There is no means of separating oneself; no possibility of avoiding one another; no way of smoothing down a disagreement. If a friend, instead of greeting us with the 'Good morning,' to which we are accustomed, says, 'Good day,' we grumble at the novelty, and brood darkly thereupon; for the ship is not large enough to talk to him privately about it. Alternately one or another of the community gives himself up to melancholy.

"The relation to the captain, also, is an altogether peculiar one, with which nothing on land is at all comparable. The Russian proverb says, 'God is high and the Czar is far off.' More unrestrained than the Czar, is, on board his own ship, the man—ever-present—to whom one has indeed, as it were, grown by the back—whom one can neither remove nor avoid.

"Herr von Kotzebue was an excellent and lovable man; among many good peculiarities, his conscientious sense of justice distinguished him. But the strength required for his office was derived from his head; he had no force of character; and he had his humors. He was troubled with dyspepsia, and we on board always knew the state of his digestion.

"The ship is the home of the sailor; in voyages of discovery, more than two thirds of one's time is spent in perfect isolation between the blue of the sea and the blue of the sky; not quite a third, at anchor in sight of land. The purpose of one's long journey is to be in a foreign land; but this is not so easily achieved as might be supposed. Everywhere, the ship is the old Europe we are vainly striving to escape from—where the old faces speak the old language; where, in the old-world fashion, tea and coffee are taken at the regular hours, and where the whole misery of household life, unenlivened by anything, holds us fast. So long as the pennant is visible, so long does the old routine hold us fast. And yet, one loves the old ship, as the dweller in the Alps loves the hut in which for a third of a year he lies voluntarily buried under the snow."—*Chamisso, "Reise um die Erde,"* b. i.

Such were the impressions which Chamisso derived from sea-life thirty years ago. Thirty years is, in these times, a long stride—it affords great scope for improvement; but if we may trust the following letter, selected from our correspondence, indited apparently when the chains were yet new and somewhat galled the writer, little alteration would seem to have taken place in nautical life:—

"You tell me that you sigh for my life of freedom and adventure; and that, compared with mine, the conventional monotony of your own stinks in your nostrils. My dear fellow

be patient, and listen to what I have to say; you will then, perhaps, be a little more content with your own lot in life, and a little less desirous of mine. Of all extant lives, that on board a ship-of-war is the most artificial—whether necessarily so or not is a question I will not undertake to decide—but the fact is indubitable.

"How utterly disgusted you get with one another! Little peculiarities which would give a certain charm and variety to social intercourse under any other circumstances, become sources of absolute pain, and almost uncontrollable irritation, when you are shut up with them day and night. One good friend and messmate of mine has a peculiar laugh, whose iteration on our last cruise nearly drove me insane.

"There is no being alone in a ship. Sailors are essentially gregarious animals, and don't at all understand the necessity under which many people labor—I among the rest—of having a little solitary converse with oneself occasionally.

"Then, to a landsman fresh from ordinary society and its peculiarly undemonstrative ways, there is something very wonderful about naval discipline. I do not mean to say that the subordination kept up is more than is necessary, nor perhaps is it in reality greater than is to be found in a college, or a regiment, or a large mercantile house; but it is made so *very* obvious. You not only feel the bit, but you see it; and your bridle is hung with bells to tell you of its presence.

"Your captain is a very different person, in relation to his officers, from the colonel of a regiment; he is a demi-god; a Dalai lama, living in solitary state; sublime, unapproachable; and the radiation of his dignity stretches through all the other members of the nautical hierarchy;—hence all sorts of petty intrigues, disputes, grumbings, and jealousies, which, to the irreverent eye of an 'idler,' give to the whole little society the aspect of nothing so much as the court of Prinz Irenseus in *Kater Murr's* inestimable autobiography."

To the uninitiated it seems strange that, with the vast harvests which sea-life opens to the man of science—especially to the naturalist—so little, comparatively, should be reaped by the officers of our naval service. We are prepared, indeed, to find Chamisso's experience unsatisfactory—to meet with lamentations that his first instructions on board were, "to consider himself merely as a passenger;" "to expect no room to be allowed for collections, as there was an artist;" while the artist, on the other hand, absolutely refused to take orders from any one but the captain. This was thirty years ago, when science had not taken its present high position, and demonstrated the influence which the careful pursuit of its most obscure walks exercises upon the deepest and the most homely prac-

tical interests of humanity. Men of ordinary intelligence and mental training were not alive to its value; and it would have been madness, therefore, to hope that any such high imaginings should have dawned upon the cherished narrow-mindedness and ignorance of a naval board, and that Russian.

But in these days, when our life is moulded by science, when every advance which distinguishes our present civilisation from that of past times is but a pebble, rolled carelessly out upon its banks, by that vast river of abstract science whose sealed fountain was opened by Bacon—when not a comfort or a necessary which men enjoy, from their *Times* at breakfast to the rapid electric intelligence which saves their fortune, or the drug which rescues their lives, but is a waif from the same great source; it is hardly conceivable that some such inklings should not have reached even the last strongholds of dullness.

And, in truth, something of the kind has happened. In 1849, the then Admiralty published a "Scientific Manual," edited by Sir John Herschel, for the purpose of showing its officers in what manner they might turn their fine opportunities to account; and, that no stimulus to their scientific ardor might be wanting, their lordships prefaced the work by a minute of their own, from which we extract the following passages:—

"It is the opinion of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that it would be to the honour and advantage of the Navy, and conduce to the general interests of science, if new facilities and encouragement were given to the collection of information upon scientific subjects by the officers, and more particularly by the medical officers of her Majesty's Navy when upon foreign service: and their lordships are desirous that for this purpose a 'Manual' be compiled, giving general instructions for observation and for record in various branches of science. . . . And it will be for their lordships to consider whether some pecuniary reward or promotion may not be given to those who succeed in producing eminently useful results."

Is not this admirable, and all that can be desired? As to the words, assuredly, O gentle reader!—as to the facts, we apprehend not. We greatly fear, in fact, that if we may judge by their deeds, their lordships' minute is little better than an attempt to look well with the public upon false pretences. The *Rattlesnake* was one of the first scientific vessels which returned home after the publication of that minute, and, had it been penned in good faith, we cannot conceive that their lordships should have refused, as they did, to keep the *Naturalist*

upon full pay for a sufficient time adequately to work up his materials; that they should, up to this time, have neglected to promote any scientific officer connected with the expedition, save one, whose seniority already entitled him to it, although the work done is acknowledged on all sides to be first-rate; and that they should have refused point blank to assist in the publication of a large mass of investigations whose value has been certified by the highest authorities, made by one of their officers, who was sufficiently unacquainted with Admiralty morality to put faith in official promises. These are the *facilities and encouragement* to science afforded by the Admiralty; and it cannot be wondered at if the same spirit runs through its subordinate officers. That such is the case, appears to be indicated by the following passage from the correspondence we have already quoted:—

"You congratulate me that, amidst all difficulties, my scientific aspirations must, at any rate, have their full play. I don't doubt you think so, knowing that this is a scientific ship, fitted out for scientific purposes, and whose officers were selected for their real or supposed scientific capabilities; knowing, furthermore, that our captain is a scientific man himself, ready always to help each of us upon his own road in every way in his power (and you are very right in believing this of him), you must find it very difficult to comprehend that there can be any obstacle in this department beyond my own laziness.

"In truth, it is not only very difficult for you to comprehend, but it is equally so for me to explain, without giving rise to an unjust impression. I can only tell you, that the captain's good will in a man-of-war is only half the battle; and unless those who act immediately under him, and stand, as it were, between him and the rest of the ship's company, are equally imbued with a sense of the value of scientific researches, your science comes badly off.

"Not that there is any active opposition—quite the reverse. But it is a curious fact, that if you want a boat for dredging, ten chances to one they are always actually or potentially otherwise disposed of; if you leave your towing-net trailing astern, in search of new creatures, in some promising patch of discoloured water, it is, in all probability, found to have a wonderful effect in stopping the ship's way, and is hauled in as soon as your back is turned; or a careful dissection waiting to be drawn may find its way overboard as a 'mess.'

"The singular disrespect with which the majority of naval officers regard everything that lies beyond the sphere of routine, tends to produce a tone of feeling very unfavorable to scientific exertions. How can it be otherwise, in fact, with men who, from the age of thirteen, meet with no influence but that which teaches them that the 'Queen's regulations and

instructions' are the law and the prophets, and something more?

"It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that in time of peace the only vessels which are engaged in services involving any real hardship or danger, are those employed upon the various surveys; and yet the men of easy routine—harbour heroes—the officers of 'regular' men-of-war, as they delight to be called, pretend to think surveying a kind of shirking—in sea-phrase, 'sloping.' It is to be regretted that the officers of the surveying vessels themselves are too often imbued with the same spirit; and though, for shame's sake, they can but stand up for hydrography, they are too apt to think an alliance with other branches of science as beneath the dignity of their divinity—the 'Service.'"

In fact, science is not the service; and if there be an enthusiast on board any of Her Majesty's ships credulous enough to lean upon that rotten reed, an Admiralty Minute, and thence betake himself to science, we beg him to lay to heart these words of Chamisso, which sadly but surely croak his fate:—

"He will begin full of joy, hope, and a desire to work; but too soon, he will learn that his chief business consists in getting out of the way, in taking up as little room, and in allowing his existence to be as little known as possible."

If such be the peculiar social condition of the scientific subordinate, what must be that of the captain? Junius told George the Third that he could have no friend because he was born a king,—and we imagine that the social isolation of the captain of a man-of-war must be nearly as complete. All the great responsibilities rest irremovably upon his shoulders; he may ask advice, and he may take it, but he knows that he alone will have to bear the brunt of all consequences. Captain Stanley writes thus from Cape York, in 1848:—

"What my feelings were on dropping the anchor here in safety I can hardly tell you.—Mentally, intense gratitude prevailed; bodily, intense fatigue, which I had not felt at all before, came on at once, and I must have slept twelve hours without turning around, or even dreaming. It is hard for any one not employed on a survey to understand what there can be so very harassing in it. And on shore there is nothing, but afloat the case becomes a very different one. Boats have to be sent away from the ship, often to a distance of thirty miles. Gales spring up, and though the ship may be in perfect safety, the boats may not have been able to find shelter; and then possibly only in a position where they might be exposed to the attacks of the natives, who not seeing the ship, would conclude them to be defenceless and consequently an easy prize. Then came other troubles which were worse than wind and weather. . . . When we first commenced, all sorts

of difficulties arose,—this could not be done—that was out of the question; a month's experience, however, soon convinced them all, that all I directed to be done within a given time, could be, and since then, with a little driving, it *has* been done. And the satisfaction of reaching this point—having more than done all I intended to do at starting, within a day or two of the time I named at Sydney—I must leave you to fancy. We have had no sickness of any consequence on board; not a single accident to either of the vessels or their boats, though the latter have been away in the worst of weather. And the same degree of harmony amongst us all exists at this moment as when we left Madeira."

Another extract from Captain Stanley's journal (August 4th, 1849), will show still more clearly the nature of the anxiety with which the mind of a commanding officer may be loaded on such a service. The ship is among the multitudinous reefs of the Louisiade, it is blowing fresh, and she has arrived at a place indicated as a good anchorage.

"The passage we were about to make was exposed to the whole swell of the ocean, but on the 4th of August the wind and sea had moderated so much, that I thought Simpson in the pinnace would have a fair chance of getting over safely. We accordingly started at 6.30 A. M. and by 10 reached the promised anchorage. Simpson, who had gone ahead to select a quiet berth for the ship, remained, to our great astonishment, cruising about the indicated spot without hoisting the usual signal, 'Anchorage is good,' and in reply to one from us answered, 'I can obtain no soundings.' Another boat was then sent away, in the vain hope that two heads might be better than one. But as the second boat, commanded by Brown, gave less encouragement even than the pinnace, I determined to try what we could do in the ship, and ran in as close as prudence would allow to the reef, from which we might have been a cable's length distant when soundings in 28 fathoms were obtained. Sail was taken in, and all was ready to let the anchor go, when the next cast of the lead gave 40 fathoms, and the third no soundings with 64. To think of anchoring in such a depth and on such shelving ground was out of the question, so we were obliged most reluctantly to make sail again, and coast along a group of low islands fringed by a coral reef, with the boats in shore, attempting to find an anchorage. One indeed they did find, but the entrance was so narrow that it could only be entered with a fair wind. We went on in this way till sunset. The night was coming on thick, and it was blowing a double-reefed top-sail breeze. Under the lee of the reefs the water was smooth, but a mile or two outside the sea was heavy enough, and there was no knowing what reefs and shoals might exist in that direction. Under these circumstances I determined to try once more, and anchor under the reef if we could obtain soundings at all

under 50 fathoms. Every cast of the lead was most anxiously watched, and at last, after gradually shoaling the water from 60 to 50, and for two casts of the lead to 41 fathoms, we shortened sail, and let go the anchor within about two ships' length of where the last sounding was obtained. The anchor went down as if it would never have stopped, and, in fact, if we had had cable enough it would not, for the short distance we had drifted during the process of shortening sail was quite enough to place the ship off the bank, in a position where about 100 fathoms of line failed to reach the bottom.

"Here then we were in a pretty plight,—an anchor and 90 fathoms of chain cable hanging to the bows, the reefs not a mile from us, towards which the tide was setting the ship at the rate of a mile an hour. The pinnace had only one day's more provisions, and the sea was too high for her to work outside, and also too heavy for us to hoist her in, even if we had daylight to do it in; but the sun was just setting, and there was nothing for it but to turn to with a will and heave the anchor up. As every one felt the urgency of the case, there was no stop at the capstan, and in about thirty-eight minutes I had the satisfaction of getting the anchor once more to the bows, though by this time we were very close indeed to the reef, not quite half the width of Portsmouth-harbor from the Quebec to Blockhouse-point; but, the anchor once up, all anxiety upon that point was at an end, as the sail soon carried the ship clear. The next consideration was, how to provide for the safety of the two vessels and the pinnace during the night. A happy thought struck me, that though the sea was too heavy outside for the pinnace, yet from her light draught of water she might land on one of the islands and light a fire, which would serve to show how we got on during the night. This Simpson did, and by the aid of his bonfire we managed to keep pretty well in the ground we had previously surveyed and knew to be clear, during the night. The next morning we worked to windward in hopes that Yule, in the *Bramble*, would be able to show us the anchorage he had recommended; but when, after a long day's work, we reached the place, I found it so very unsafe for the ship, in consequence of the strong tides, that I called the pinnace on board, and, choosing the smoothest spot I could find hoisted her in without anchoring, and fortunately without straining anything. The pinnace once in, my mind was at ease. . . . The *Bramble* having found a sort of an anchorage for the night, remained and showed a light, which we found of use as we were cruising about, waiting for daylight; as soon as that came, we made the best of our way into the open sea, outside the reef which surrounds the islands of the Archipelago; and very glad we all were to feel the long ocean swell once more, after having been six weeks out of it. . . . Those only who have known the intense anxiety attendant upon a forty-eight hours' cruise amongst a mass of shoals and reefs, can at all understand the delight with which I went to



sleep when we were fairly clear; for the nature of the reefs among these islands is such, that the lead gives no warning whatever, and though during the day the look-out from the mast-head may see the shoals, he is of no use at night; and even in the daytime I have taken the ship over shoals, with very little water on them, that looked like deep water from the mast-head, simply from the difference in the color of the coral of which the shoal patches are composed; and it does not add very much to one's happiness to know that these isolated patches, many not larger than the ship, rise suddenly from comparatively deep water, so that if you hit them hard enough to cause a serious leak, you have every prospect of going down in deep water, with some little chance of saving the lives of the crew, but none whatever of saving anything for them to eat."

We have already pointed out that his instructions directed Captain Stanley's attention to the practical end of his survey, and regarded mere geographical exploration as altogether subordinate. To this cause, and to the motives, highly honorable to his humanity, explained in the subjoined quotation from a letter to the Bishop of Norwich, and not to any want of zeal on the part of himself or his officers, we must ascribe the absence of any very great addition to our knowledge of the interior of New Guinea from the *Rattlesnake's* expedition:—

"I made several attempts to get into more friendly communication with them (the natives of the Louisiade and New Guinea) on shore, but I invariably found that the moment they saw that their numerical force was greater than ours, their manners changed, and they became inclined to be troublesome; and as a most convincing proof, the treacherous attack made upon the boats by natives who had been kindly treated on board the ship, is all that need be required. On that occasion they received a severe lesson, even if their loss was only that of the canoe which our boats took and towed out to sea. I cannot fancy they would have escaped entirely unharmed from the musketry and grape from the pinnace; but I must give the officer in command of the boat\* great credit for not firing a shot after there was absolute necessity for it; and though, during the rest of the day, the natives on the beach were in a state of great excitement, waving their spears, and using the most extraordinary gestures, no notice whatever was taken of them, though they were then quite at our mercy, and one round from the pinnace would have swept off the whole party. This determined hostility prevented me from sending parties, as I otherwise should have done, to explore the interior of the islands under which we anchored; but I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that all the specimens that we could have procured, however rare, would have been dearly purchased by the

\* Lieutenant Dayman.

sacrifice of one human life; and, had any collision taken place on shore, many more lives must have been lost, not most likely on our side, but on theirs, for they seemed to have no idea whatever of the use and effect of fire-arms."

Captain Stanley must, doubtless, be considered the best judge of the necessity of this caution in the intercourse which took place between the ship's company and the natives; but in estimating the nature of the expedition, we must take this restriction into consideration; we must remember, that any adventures ashore were mere oases, separated by whole deserts of the most wearisome ennui. For weeks, perhaps, those who were not fortunate enough to be living hard and getting fatigued every day in the boats, were yawning away their existence in an atmosphere only comparable to that of an orchid-house—a life in view of which that of Mariana in the moated grange has its attractions.

For instance, consider this extract, from the journal of one of the officers, dated August, 1849:—

"Rain! rain! *encore et toujours*—I wonder if it is possible for the mind of man to conceive anything more degradingly offensive than the condition of us 150 men, shut up in this wooden box, and being watered with hot water, as we are now. It is no exaggeration to say *hot*, for the temperature is that at which people at home commonly take a hot bath. It rains so hard that we have caught seven tons of water in one day, and it is therefore impossible to go on deck; though, if one did, one's condition would not be much improved. A *hot* Scotch mist covers the sea and hides the land, so that no surveying can be done; moving about in the slightest degree causes a flood of perspiration to pour out; all energy is completely gone, and if I could help it, I would not think even: it's too hot. The rain awnings are spread and we can have no wind sails up; if we could, there is not a breath of wind to fill them; and, consequently, the lower and main decks are utterly unventilated; a sort of solution of man in steam fills them from end to end, and surrounds the lights with a lurid halo. It's too hot to sleep, and my sole amusement consists in watching the cockroaches, which are in a state of intense excitement and happiness. They manifest these feelings in a very remarkable manner—a sudden unanimous impulse seems to seize the obscene thousands which usually lurk hidden in the corners of my cabin. Out they rush, helter-skelter, and run over me, my table, and my desk; others more vigorous, fly, quite regardless of consequences, until they hit against something—upon which, half spreading their wings, they make their heads a pivot and spin round in a circle, in a manner which indicates a temporary aberration of the cockroach mind. It is these outbreaks alone which rouse us from our

lassitude—knocks are heard resounding on all sides, and each inhabitant of a cabin, armed with a slipper, is seen taking ample revenge upon the disturbers of his rest, and the destroyers of his books and clothes."

Here, on the other hand, is an oasis, a bartering scene at Bruny island, in the Louisiade:—

"We landed at the same place as before, and this time the natives ran down prancing and gesticulating. Many of them had garlands of green leaves round their heads, knees, and ankles; some wore long streamers depending from their arms and ears and floating in the wind as they galloped along, shaking their spears and prancing just as boys do when playing at horses. They soon surrounded us shouting, 'Kelumai! kelumai!' (their word for iron), and offering us all sorts of things in exchange. One very fine athletic man, 'Kai-oo-why-whoah' by name, was perfectly mad to get an axe, and very soon comprehended the arrangements that were made. Mr. Brady drew ten lines on the sand and laid an axe down by them, giving K— (I really can't write that long name all over again) to understand by signs that when there was a 'bahar' (yam) on every mark he should have the axe. He comprehended directly, and bolted off as fast as he could run, soon returning with his hands full of yams, which he deposited one by one on the appropriate lines; then, fearful lest some of the others should do him out of the axe, he caught hold of Brady by the arm, and would not let him go until yams enough had been brought by the others to make up the number and the axe was handed over to him.

"Then was there a yell of delight. He jumped up with the axe—flourished it—passed it over to his companions—tumbled down and rolled over, kicking up his heels in the air, and finally catching hold of me, we had a grand waltz, with various *poses plastiques*, for about a quarter of a mile. I daresay he was unsophisticated enough to imagine that I was filled with sympathetic joy; but I grieve to say that I was taking care all the while to direct his steps towards the village, which, as we had as yet examined none of their houses, I was most desirous of entering under my friend's sanction. I think he suspected something, for he looked at me rather dubiously when I directed our steps towards the entrance in the bush which led to the houses, and wanted me to go back; but I was urgent, so he gave way, and we both entered the open space, where we were joined by two or three others, and sat down under a cocoa-nut tree.

"I persuaded him to sit for his portrait (taking care first that my back was well against the tree and my pistols handy), and we ate green cocoa-nuts together, at last attaining to so great a pitch of intimacy, that he made me change names with him, calling himself 'Tamoo' (my Cape York name), and giving me to understand that I was to take his own lengthy appellation. When I did so, and talked to him as 'Tamoo,' nothing could exceed the delight

of all around; they patted me as you would a child, and evidently said to one another, 'This really seems to be a very intelligent white fellow.'

"Like the Cape York natives, they were immensely curious to look at one's legs, asking permission, very gently but very pressing, to pull up the trousers, spanning the calf with their hands, drawing in their breath and making big eyes all the while. Once, when the front of my shirt blew open, and they saw the white skin of my chest, they set up an universal shout. I imagine, that as they paint *their* faces black, they fancied that we ingeniously colored ours white, and were astonished to see that we were really of that (to them) disgusting tint all over."

Occupied with the thought that the human side of exploring voyages is that which has been almost wholly neglected, and therefore especially deserves the attempt we have made to elucidate it, we have perhaps fallen into the other extreme, and have omitted to point out the scientific and historical importance of the labors of Captain Stanley and his *Rattlesnake*. And yet from both these points of view, they give rise to considerations of no small interest.

Three centuries ago the island of New Guinea formed the point of junction of the two great currents of geographical discovery which set, the one from Portugal round the Cape of Good Hope, the other from Spain, through the straits of Magelhanes and from the Pacific coast of Central America, whence the restless activity of Cortes impelled ever new squadrons. In 1526, Don Jorge de Meneses, sailing from the Portuguese settlement in Malacca, to be governor of the Moluccas, drifted unwillingly out of his course to the north coast of New Guinea, which the people of the islands to the westward called Papua. This was the easternmost point of Portuguese exploration.

On the other hand, Peter Martyr (quoted and translated in Hakluyt) tells us, "in the south sea of that huge vastity, he (Cortes) built ships, that from thence he might try the Equinoctial line, 12 degrees only distant from the shore, to the end that he might thoroughly reach the islands next under the line, where he hopes to find plenty of gold and precious stones, and also new and strange spices." Alvaro de Saavedra, one of the captains despatched on these errands, in his return from the Philippines in 1528, came upon the northern shore of New Guinea, and thus completed the chain of explored lands between the eastern and western shores of the Pacific. Saavedra found so much gold in New Guinea, that he named the country "Isla del Oro," but the dangers of the navigation seem to have deterred the early voyagers from repeating their visits.

In fact, Torres did not reach it till nearly a century later; and though portions of the coast were examined by the Dutch navigators—by Dampier, Bougainville, Forrest, D'Urville, and Blackwood—yet, when the *Rattlesnake* sailed from England, the south-eastern portion of New Guinea and the Louisiade Archipelago were essentially a "terra incognita," and, perhaps, the very last remaining habitable portion of the globe into which European cruisers and European manufacturers had not penetrated. The great series of ocean explorations for the discovery of new and untroubled lands, within the habitable globe, was thus finished and completed by the voyage of the *Rattlesnake*. Henceforward, those who covet the laurels of discoverers must betake themselves within the limits of the Arctic or Antarctic circles.

The physical structure of the portion of New Guinea examined by Captain Stanley leads us to form the highest opinion of its fertility and capabilities. A great mountain-chain or plateau, ascending in places to a greater height than the Peak of Teneriffe, runs for three or four hundred miles, and at a distance of some fifty miles, parallel with the coast. During the prevalence of the easterly monsoon, which blows directly upon the flanks of this noble range, a settled misty canopy of clouds hides its summits from the eye. A continual rain is precipitated by the high land, which must have a climate comparatively cool, and descends in rivers, which wander, in rich and jungly deltas, through the alluvial flats which form the immediate sea-shores.

But when the western monsoon, in its turn, predominates, the clouds lift and disperse; ridges after ridges separated by deep valleys, make their appearance, suggesting an infinite variety of climatal conditions, until at last the irregular line of the highest plateau shows clear and covered with verdure, its edge sharp against the sky, but its substantial color mellowed and softened by the distance. A singular scene, produced by this lifting of the clouds, though only for a time, is thus described by Captain Stanley:—

"One scene I will try to give you a faint idea of, and a very faint one it must be, for I never saw the like before, and I very much doubt if it will ever be my good fortune to see the like again. . . . After leaving the Louisiade and its surrounding reef, which, though it had given the French so much trouble, afforded us smooth water and good anchorage, we approached the coast of New Guinea. For nearly a fortnight we were prevented by thick, misty, rainy weather, heavy gales, and strong currents, from gaining an anchorage; but one

evening, having stood close in to the land, to my very great joy I saw the *Bramble*, our tender, coming out from the mist with the signal flying, 'Anchorage is good.' To make all possible sail and follow her in was the work of very few minutes, and after about three hours of most intense anxiety, I had the pleasure of hearing the chain cable running out. It was then quite dark; so, next morning, early daylight saw us all anxiously waiting for the sun to rise, to show us the land; but alas, though the sun rose clearly enough from the sea, over the whole of the land hung one dense mass of clouds, through which the space-penetrating power even of Lord Rosse's telescope would have had no effect.

"Except the island under the shelter of which we had anchored, nothing whatever could be seen on the land side but masses of heavy clouds above and volumes of rolling mist below; while, to make it more tantalizing, to seaward all was as clear as possible.

"About an hour before sunset a change came over the scene, far more magical, far more sudden, than anything ever attempted on the stage when the dark green curtain is drawn up to show the opening scene of some new pantomime. All at once the clouds began to lift, the mist dispersed, and in the course of half an hour the coast of New Guinea stood before us, clearly defined against the sky, tinged with the rays of the setting sun.

"The mountains seemed piled one above another to an enormous height, and were of a deeper blue than I have ever seen before, even in the Straits of Magellan. They were intersected by tremendous gorges, and, from the foot of the lowest ranges, a considerable tract of low and apparently alluvial soil reached to the beach.

"To give an idea of this scene by description would be utterly impossible. The intense blue of the mountains contrasting strangely with masses of white fleecy clouds, driven rapidly past them by the gale; the bright gleams of the setting sun on the nearer hills, covered with the most luxurious vegetation, from which the most mysterious little jets of very white smoke from time to time burst out; and the two surveying ships quite in the foreground, surrounded by native canoes, completed the picture, which we did not enjoy very long, for in these latitudes, as you know, there is no twilight; and in less than an hour from the time the clouds began to rise, all was dark; and though we saw many of the peaks again, we never had another chance of seeing the whole range so clearly.

"Mr. Brierly, the artist, who accompanied me from Sydney, made the most of the time; but no painter can ever give due effect to that sunset.

"From subsequent observations I find that some of the hills must have been forty-eight miles off, and were at least as high as the Peak of Teneriffe."

Such a varied surface, so well watered, and lying within ten degrees of the Equator,

tor, must present every condition necessary for the growth of the richest and the most valuable tropical products. And unless the climate prove destructive to the European constitution—a contingency more than probable—there is no reason why New Guinea should not become the Brazil of the new America now rearing its head at the Antipodes.

The Appendices to the voyage, drawn up by various scientific men of eminence, testify to the zeal and activity of the naturalist of the expedition; but for the reasons we have assigned, the materials collected in New Guinea itself were comparatively small. Who can doubt, however, that these dense forests, the home of the Bird of Paradise, will offer the richest harvest to the zoologist, or the botanist who has the good fortune to explore them? A country which glories in its own special pig (over the obtaining of a specimen of which Mr. Macgillivray exults not a little, vol. i. p. 289)—its own *Sus Papuensis*, must surely be blessed with other original and peculiar stock, if it were only by way of compensation.

The human inhabitants of Papua possess no less attraction for the student of the young but rapidly growing science of Ethnology. Nothing can be more singular than the appearance of these people, with their long and frizzled hair, standing out from their heads in a mop of a foot and half diameter. From the back of the mop hangs a huge plaited pigtail, ornamented with tortoise shell and the teeth of pigs and dogs; and stuck in front is the long-pronged comb, its handle fantastically adorned with feathers. For the rest of their attire, only the smallest portion can possibly be said to constitute clothing. The remainder is pure ornament. The delicate feathers of the casoway and the brilliant plumage of the parrot, supply a head-dress; necklaces of teeth; breast-plates of tortoise-shell, with pendants of the large white cowrie, and hoops of rattan adorn the body. Strings of shells serve as anklets; and broad plaited bands, in which fragrant herbs are often stuck, surround the arms; while a piquancy and appropriate finish are given to the whole costume, by a human jaw, with a couple of collar-bones, securely lashed together, and worn as a bracelet. Whether this was the memorial of a deceased friend, or the trophy of a slain foe, the officers of the *Rattlesnake* could not determine, so we may fairly give the Papuans the benefit of the doubt, and consider this very singular piece of *bijouterie* as a mourning ring. The attire of the women was a grass petticoat, elegantly made, and decorated with no little taste, so as to give them very much the appearance of ballet-dancers. Without beauty, according to

our notions, they have often fine figures, and the liveliness, delicacy, and perfect modesty of their behavior, appear to have made a very favorable impression upon their visitors.

Half-civilized people are essentially children; what they want, and think they are strong enough to obtain, they will infallibly endeavor to get, by fair means or by foul. The treasures contained in the ordinary fittings of an European boat, and its apparently defenceless state, to a people who imagine (as these did) that guns were hollow tubes for carrying water in, constituted a temptation quite too strong for their resistance; and it is to this cause, rather than to any real ferocity of character, that we should ascribe the attacks made upon the *Rattlesnake's* detached parties. Set against this feature in their character, their invincible gentleness towards each other; the kind treatment of their women; the cleanliness of their persons and of their dwellings; their progress in the useful arts, as exhibited in the pottery, cloth, cordage, nets, sails, and weapons of all sorts—which our readers may see for themselves in the British Museum—and in the ingeniously built houses and canoes, of which full descriptions are given in the "Voyage;" the perseverance and grace of design displayed in many of their carved works, and we must form a very favorable estimate of the character of the Papuan, both as it is, and as regards capacity for development. Yet it is curious how bad a reputation they have always had. Old Purchas is absolutely libellous. Adverting to New Guinea, he says,—"Heere be those blacke people, called Os Papuas. Man-eaters and sorcerers—among whom divels walke familiarly as companions. If these wicked spirits find one alone they kill him, and therefore they always use company."

... They are like the Cafirs, or Æthiopians, and are divided into many kingdoms, as Mennes writeth."

It is curious, that this fancy for not walking alone, on account of "divels," is a very prevalent notion among the Australian blacks, who believe firmly in a mysterious embodied fiend—and sometimes practice the most horrible atrocities under cover of his name and reputation. To the filthy and hopelessly irreclaimable savages of New Holland, indeed, the uncomplimentary description given above would far better apply; and if the theory of Dr. Latham, that the Papuans and Australians have sprung from a common stock—the former branch migrating by way of the Moluccas,\* and the latter by

\* It is stated, upon Argensola's authority, that in the earliest times a tradition existed in the Moluccas that New Guinea was peopled from Ternate, which would confirm Dr. Latham's view, if any weight at all could be attached to tradition.

Timor—be correct, it may be that the singular races that dwell in the interior of New Guinea, of whom so little is known, and who, under the name of Halfouras or Harafouras, have caused so much speculation, are really the remains of an original people less advanced in civilization, and therefore more closely resembling the Australians. To them Purchas's dim tradition may refer.

However this may be, there can be no doubt as to the immense difference which exists between the Papuan and the Australian races. The elimination of the latter from the earth's surface can be viewed only with satisfaction, as the removal of a great blot from the escutcheon of our common humanity, by all those who know them as they are, and are not to be misled by the maudlin philanthropy of 'aborigines' friends.' But we must confess that, even while believing it to be a necessary step in the progress of mankind, we cannot look forward without a feeling of sadness to the time, assuredly fast approaching, when the peaceful

idyllic simplicity of a life without care and without reproach, such as glides along in these Papuan Isles—the very Paradise of Lotus Eaters—in harmony with the soft murmur of the graceful feathery leaves of the cocoa-nut trees, trembling in the lap of the gentle monsoon, with the surf breaking in long white lines athwart the deep blue sea, not in loud and angry rebellion against iron-bound shores, but in lazy play with the outstretched arms of the coral; when all this shall be defaced by the obtrusion of the Polynesian "scourge of God"—the white man. To substitute—what? "The blessings of civilization"—which means for the dark race, labor, care, drunkenness, disease, and ultimate subjection and extinction.

The islands of the Pacific are one vast "witness," that it were better for the Papuans to "walk familiarly with the devils" they have, than to take to themselves the seven worse, which, during a long period of transition, will infallibly follow in the train of the white man, his commerce, and his missionaries.

#### *Utility of Literary Revision.*

"—As in schools they have a care  
To call for repetitions, and are there  
Busied as well in seeking to retain  
What they have learnt already, as to gain  
Further degrees of knowledge, and lay by  
Invention while they practice memory;  
So must I likewise take some time to view  
What I have done, ere I proceed anew.  
Perhaps I may have cause to interline,  
To alter, or to add; the work is mine,  
And I may manage it as I see best."

QUARLES; *Conclusion to the School  
of the Heart.*

#### *Will Usurping the Place of Reason.*

"THE crooked will that seemingly inclines  
To follow Reason's dictates, twines  
Another way in secret, leaves its guide  
And lags behind, or swerves aside;  
Crab-like creeps backwards, when it should  
have made  
Progress in good, is retrograde.  
Whilst it pretends a privilege above  
Reason's prerogative, to move  
As of itself, unmoved, rude Passions learn  
To leave the oar, and take in hand the stern."

QUARLES; *School of the Heart.*

DISAPPOINTMENT IN MARRIAGE.—"Listen, I pray you, to the stories of the disappointed in marriage:—collect all their complaints: hear their mutual reproaches; upon what fatal hinge do the greatest part of them turn?—they

were mistaken in the person.' Some disguise either of body or mind is seen through in the first domestic scuffle:—some fair ornament—perhaps the very one which won the heart,—the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit! falls off. 'It is not the Rachel for whom I have served.—Why hast thou then beguiled me?'

"Be open—be honest: give yourself for what you are; conceal nothing,—varnish nothing,—and if these fair weapons will not do,—better not conquer at all, than conquer for a day:—when the night is passed, 'twill ever be the same story,—'And it came to pass behold it was Leah!'

"If the heart beguiles itself in its choice, and imaginations will give excellences which are not the portion of flesh and blood:—when the dream is over, and we awake in the morning, it matters little whether it is Rachel or Leah—be the object what it will, as it must be on the earthly side, at least, of perfection,—it will fall short of the work of fancy, whose existence is in the clouds.

"In such cases of deception, let not man exclaim as Jacob does in his,—'What is it thou hast done unto me?'—for 'tis his own doings, and he has nothing to lay his fault on, but the heat and poetic indiscretion of his own passions."—*Sterne's Sermons.*

"I could not love thee, dear, so much."—Where are the following lines to be found? what is the context?

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more."

*Notes and Queries.*



From the Examiner.

CORRESPONDENCE OF FRANCIS  
HORNER, M. P.

*Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M.P.* Edited by his Brother, L. HORNER, F.R.S. Second Edition, with Additions. Boston (U.S.): Little, Brown, & Co. London: Murray.

IN this new and greatly enlarged edition of the *Memoirs and Correspondence* of the late Francis Horner, a further obligation has been conferred on society by his surviving brother. It is now ten years since the original edition appeared, and we know not any work of its class which during that interval can have contributed more powerfully to raise the tone, and to give a fitting direction and elevation to the thoughts and pursuits, of young Englishmen devoting themselves to public life. "*Idoneus patriæ*" might justly have been inscribed on the pedestal of Chantrey's admirable statue in Westminster Abbey. The "*sit utilis*" might have been added, though without implying that Francis Horner had any connection or sympathy with the school which would quarrel with vegetable life because the fruit was preceded by the flower, and would exclude sentiment and imagination as disturbing forces that ought to be proscribed, rather recognise them as moving powers, which, well directed, assist man in his career of duty, and give higher and purer motives to all his exertions. Most truly may we say of Horner, adapting Wordsworth's beautiful line, that he was

More wise for this, that he had much to love.

Mr. Leonard Horner, in accomplishing his important but delicate duty as editor, has had his reward. He cannot but feel that he has continued and extended, indeed we may say has perpetuated, the influence of his excellent brother. "Though he sleeps, he yet speaketh." The duties which he so nobly performed when living, the publication of his correspondence and these memoirs carries onward after his loss. The indistinct and incomplete fragments of his public career that would have had to be sought for in debates, reports, and Annual Registers, in order to combine and deduce the elements of his public character, are here reduced into order and made intelligible; and, above all, we have the charm and vividness of actual life infused into the narrative, by the exhibition of his private relations, and of his warm and genial friendships and affection.

All this, however, might be considered as applicable to the original edition as to the volumes before us. Our readers will there-

fore expect that in place of repeating what has been or might have been said already, we should make some observations on this new and very valuable edition. But before we describe the additional matter which especially recommends this new edition to the notice of the public, we must pause to express the pleasure we feel in seeing the imprint of Boston (U.S.) as well as of London on the title-page. It is not only because we hold the identity of feeling and admiration which now evidently prevails between us in our modern as well as our ancient historical literature to be important, as tending to instruct and enlighten the children of both branches of the Anglo-Saxon family; it is not only because the demand for English poetry now showing itself in the United States is characterised by a preference for what is deepest and most enduring, thus replying to the ignorant sneers which attribute to the citizens of America a want of taste and appreciation for our best models; it is not merely because the great American jurists, and our own, are equally respected as authorities, and referred to on both sides of the Atlantic with equal veneration;—but because the happy intellectual union implied in such examples goes further in our judgment to create a fixed and lasting bond between the two peoples, than all the diplomacy that has ever been employed in Downing street, or at Washington. And if this be the case in law, history, philosophy, and poetry, we believe it to be still more true, when relating to the biographies of eminent men.

No Englishman can rise from a perusal of the life of Washington, and of many of his great successors, without a deeper respect and a stronger affection for the United States; nor can such a student undervalue, with a folly the fruit of ignorance only, institutions created and preserved by such great men, serving to develop their virtues and their patriotism. We may not envy them their democratic constitution, but with them, and for their benefit, we wish it to prosper. Accepted by the people, and well accommodated to their peculiar social state, we gladly admit the good it has produced, without for an instant withdrawing our allegiance from our traditions, or surrendering a link of the chain which with us binds the present to the past, and holds us firmly to the political faith of our ancestors. On similar principles the American citizens who can read the lives of our philanthropists and statesmen will never doubt but that an ancient monarchy is as capable of producing and fostering a love of liberty and a love of humanity as the last annexed State or the latest constituted territory in the Union.

Hence follow mutual respect, esteem, and confidence. And if this connexion has been important in times past, it is doubly so at the present. The iron rule of despotism which appears daily to extend itself over the continent of Europe, is leading to its natural consequences in the suppression of thought and action, of freedom in government and of religious freedom. It shows itself, as a matter of course, in a disregard of treaty-obligations, and in a readiness to engage in unjust wars; and as against such calamities, an earnest concurrence between the two freest people on earth is a final and complete security. The people of England and of the United States are the ultimate trustees for the liberties, and therefore for the happiness, of the human race. On their cordial union the performance of this sacred trust may one day depend; and that union will owe much of its strength to the knowledge which the citizens of the United States acquire of characters like this of Francis Horner.

We have said that the edition before us contains much additional matter. In some instances this might be considered a doubtful recommendation. Additional matter is too often taken from materials originally rejected, as being devoid of interest or of value. But there never was less disposition shown so to increase the bulk of a book than in the instance before us. Mr. Leonard Horner, though an accomplished writer, is but a poor bookmaker, and we doubt not that his two volumes, filled with important matter and containing nothing that is not important, will appear matter of contempt to the trading and vulgar class who would easily have contrived to extend the work to eight heavy octavos. Mr. Horner's nugget might have been drawn out by other hands into miles of feeble wire. As it is, the new matter added is of the same character with all that which preceded it, and of equal value. The additional correspondence now published between Lord Jeffrey and Horner, for example, is of this description, and reflects equal honour on the two friends. The unbroken affection which subsisted between Horner and Lord Murray receives also new and most interesting illustration, and the additional sketches of the characters of many of his remarkable contemporaries are occasionally brilliant and effective.

Observations made at the time on the most interesting event then in progress, and made with equal freedom and wisdom, give useful means of comparing anticipation with results, the best of all lessons for forming or correcting the human judgment. Some of Horner's sayings almost assume the form of aphorism, and there is one which it may not

be amiss to remember just now. "I have little confidence," he observes, "in the steadiness or principle of the public sentiments on matters of war." Nothing more true. The public that is sometimes the most eager to rush into war, is too frequently the most indocile and discontented in submitting to its consequence and privations.

In 1815 he observes:

I can bestow no thoughts at this moment on the happiness of the French nation as concerned in the last revolution of affairs: they are so sunk in my estimation by their passive acquiescence under two such changes of government, that I feel no interest for their political or civil liberties.

Of the allies he says:

The indecent spectacle which they exhibited during the winter in their *Congress of Plunders* deprived them throughout Italy and Germany of that moral force of which they boasted last year, and with truth, as the foundation of their successes.

We might make many similar extracts if time and opportunity permitted; and particularly we could wish to have shown how happily Horner reconciled strength and stability of party bonds with a generous appreciation of the character of his political opponents. Of Percival he writes in 1809—

He has honourably distinguished himself from some of his colleagues, by greater manliness. He is an intolerant, bigoted little fellow; but he has the best private virtues in an eminent degree; and in his public behaviour, shows a courage, and on the whole an honesty that are respectable.

The literary criticism interspersed in the letters is exceedingly agreeable. Horner appears very evidently to have done his best to mitigate Jeffrey's severe judgment of Wordsworth. He speaks of him as a great genius for poetry; he anticipates, on hearing of the progress of the *Excursion*, that it would contain

A few exquisite gleams of natural feeling, though sunk in a dull ground of trash and affectation. I cannot forgive your expression, Wordsworth and Co.; he merits criticism, but surely not contempt; to class him with his imitators would be the greatest of all contempt. I thought our perusal in the Temple of the Lyrical Ballads would have prevented this; we found much to admire; but you will not admire.

There is much wit in the following remarks, even though they should be considered as too severe upon their object, Kant.

He is generally looked upon as a metaphysical sophist, who could only have had such success in Germany; where, from the recent and very rapid diffusion of new opinions, the eyes

of men are yet tender to the light, and are wonderfully liable to be dazzled.

We might easily go further, but we have done enough to induce our readers to take up this most useful and interesting work themselves—"accedere fontes, atque haurire." Our extracts have all been taken from the letters hitherto unpublished.

In conclusion let us earnestly entreat Mr. Leonard Horner to follow the example of his brother's distinguished friends, and to publish in a separate shape his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. It is due to Francis Horner's name and high abilities that this should be done, and the volumes would be fitting companions to the similar works of Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Mackintosh, and Sir James Stephen. If it were possible, he should likewise revise and correct the most important of the Parliamentary speeches, and the tribute to his brother's memory would then be complete.

#### PARALLEL IDEAS FROM POETS.

Longfellow and Tennyson :

"And like a lily on a river floating,  
She floats upon the river of his thoughts."  
*Spanish Student*, Act II. Sc. 3.

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake ;  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me."  
*Princess*, Part vii.

Wordsworth and Keble :

"A book, upon whose leaves some chosen plants  
By his own hand disposed with nicest care,  
In undecaying beauty were preserved ;—  
Mute register, to him, of time and place,  
And various fluctuations in the breast ;  
To her, a monument of faithful love  
Conquered, and in tranquillity retained !"  
*Excursion*, Book vi.

"Like flower-leaves in a precious volume stor'd,  
To solace and relieve  
Some heart too weary of the restless world."  
*Christian Year* : Prayers to be used at Sea.

Moore and Keble :

"Now by those stars that glance  
O'er Heaven's still expanse,  
Weave we our mirthful dance,  
Daughters of Zee !"  
*Evenings in Greece*.

"Beneath the moonlight sky  
The festal warblings flow'd,  
Where maidens to the Queen of Heaven  
Wove the gay dance."  
*Christian Year* : Eight Sunday after Trinity.  
*Notes and Queries*.

DXVIII. LIVING AGE. VOL. V. 11

The following extract from one of Lord Jeffrey's hitherto unpublished letters, written so early as in 1806, with a perfect appreciation of Francis Horner's character anticipates his future career, and draws his portrait to the life.

Every man has some objects, and I will tell you what I think are yours ; first to do some good, to make society and posterity your debtors, to be a benefactor to mankind ; next, to cultivate and improve your own mind, to acquire a just relish for excellence, and to familiarise yourself with all the accomplishments which make a lofty and amiable character. After those I think your object is to be known for these merits, to enjoy the consideration, the gratitude, the confidence that must belong to such a being. Such are the objects for which you labor and task yourself.

Truly as eloquently said ; and what Jeffrey affectionately foretold, his friend fully realised.

TAILLESS CATS.—In my visits to the Isle of Man, I have frequently met with specimens of the tailless cats referred to by your correspondent. In the pure breed there is not the slightest vestige of a tail, and in the case of any intermixture with the species possessing the usual candal appendage, the tail of their offspring, like the witch's "sark," as recorded by honest Tam o' Shanter,

"In longitude is sorely scanty."

In fact, it terminates abruptly at the length of a few inches, as if amputated, having altogether a very ludicrous appearance.

The breed of cats without tails is well known in the Isle of Man, and accounted by the people one of its chief curiosities. These cats are sought after by strangers : the natives call them "Rumpies," or "Rumpy Cats." Their hind legs are rather longer than those of cats with tails, and give them a somewhat rabbit-like aspect, which has given rise to the odd fancy that they are the descendants of a cross between a rabbit and a cat. They are good mousers. When a perfectly tailless cat is crossed with an ordinary-tailed individual, the progeny exhibit all intermediate states between tail and no tail.—*Notes and Queries*.

INSCRIPTION on a Grave-stone in Whittlebury Churchyard, Northamptonshire—  
In Memory of John Heath, he dy'd Dec<sup>r</sup> y<sup>r</sup>  
17<sup>th</sup>, 1767. Aged 27 years.

While Time doth run from Sin depart ;  
Let none e'er shun Death's piercing dart ;  
For read and look, and you will see  
A wondrous change was wrought on me.  
For while I lived in joy and mirth  
Grim Death came in and stopped my breath :  
For I was single in the morning light,  
By noon was marri'd, and was dead at night.

From the Spectator.

# HOOKER'S HIMALAYAN JOURNAL.\*

On looking at a map of India, the reader will see that the Himalayan range drops in a South-easterly direction from its most Northerly point, till it approaches Calcutta at a distance of less than four hundred miles. The region which lies in a direct line North from the City of Palaces is Sikkim, a comparatively small district placed between Nepal and Bhootan, and under so-called British protection. The climate is moister than in the more Northerly portions of the Himalaya, and its highest peaks must yield in altitude to those of other parts of the range: but as some of the elevations are upwards of 20,000 feet, and Dr. Hooker experienced a fall of snow on the 28th of July, they are quite high and cold enough. When the loftier passes are reached, and the explorer looks upon or enters the table-land of Thibet, he has the dry searching winds, the peculiar people, and the peculiar animals of Tartary.

In this district Dr. Hooker was employed between two and three years (1848-1850), exploring, botanizing, observing, and often contending with the local authorities, who under the direction of the Dewan, or prime minister of Sikkim, threw obstacles in his way. His volumes also contain a narrative of his tour from Calcutta to Dorjiling, our station in Sikkim, and a final excursion to Silhet and Khasia, lying East of Calcutta through the delta of the Ganges.

The subjects of Dr. Hooker's volumes are personal adventures, the incidents of travel in wild and scarcely known regions, descriptions of man and nature. Combined with these are accounts of the botany and geology of the districts he is passing through, disquisitions on such scientific points as singular facts may give rise to, and a narrative of the daily journey almost of the nature of an itinerary. There is thus a sort of separate interest in the matter of the book. The general reader cares little for names or facts that suggest nothing to his mind; the intermixture of popular with botanical, geological, or geographical information, may divert the attention of the scientific student. Perhaps a memoir geographically divided into sections, with a distinct personal narrative, would have been the most effective mode of presentation. The continual intermixture of unconnected topics, coupled with a daily detail of route, though geographically necessary, induces a sense of *tiredness* in the reader. This feeling, however, arises rather

from the length of the work than from anything fatiguing in the parts. A narrative of nearly eight hundred pages requires to be lightened by every artifice of composition.

This remark only applies to the volumes as a whole and for continuous reading. The *Himalayan Journals* are a vast storehouse of deeply interesting facts, curious, instructive, and varied in subject. Dr. Hooker is not only a naturalist of wide experience, extending from the frozen to the torrid zones; he is also a surgeon and a sailor, with the living associations which those professions generally impart. His range of sympathies are wider than the Roman's; embracing animals, plants, rocks, and earths, as well as man. Hence, almost every spot he passes over offers something of interest. Even the half-reasoning elephant, observed as he has been by all observers, furnishes a new theme.

"After breakfast, Mr. Williams and I started on an elephant, following the camp to Gyra, twelve miles distant. The docility of these animals is an old story, but it loses so much in the telling, that their gentleness, obedience, and sagacity, seemed as strange to me as if I had never heard or read of these attributes. The swinging motion under a hot sun is very oppressive, but compensated for by being so high above the dust. The mahout or driver guides by poking his great toes under either ear, enforcing obedience with an iron goad, with which he hammers the animal's head with quite as much force as would break a cocoa-nut, or drives it through his thick skin down to the quick. A most disagreeable sight it is to see the blood and yellow fat oozing out in the boiling sun from these great punctures. Our elephant was an excellent one, when he did not take obstinate fits, and so docile as to pick up pieces of stone when desired, and with a jerk of the trunk throw them over his head for the rider to catch, thus saving the trouble of dismounting to geologise.

"The latter part of the journey I performed on elephants during the heat of the day, and a more uncomfortable mode of conveyance surely never was adopted; the camel's pace is more fatiguing, but that of the elephant is extremely trying after a few miles, and is so injurious to the human frame that the mahouts (drivers) never reach an advanced age, and often succumb young to spine diseases, brought on by the incessant motion of the vertebral column. The broiling heat of the elephant's black back, and the odor of its oily driver, are disagreeable accompaniments, as are its habits of snorting water from its trunk over its parched skin, and the consequences of the great bulk of green food which it consumes."

The moisture of the lower portions of the Nepaus Himalaya induces a number of insect troubles from which the drier and more

\* *Himalayan Journals; or Notes of a Naturalist in Bengal, the Sikkim and Nepal Himalayas, the Khasia Mountains, &c.* By Joseph Dalton Hooker, M.D., R.N., F.R.S. With Maps and Illustrations. In two volumes. Published by Murray. Reprinted by Harper & Brothers: New-York.

Northerly parts of the range are comparatively free. Here is an example of a pleasant excursion.

"The weather continued very hot for the elevation (4000 to 5000 feet), the rain brought no coolness, and for the greater part of the three marches between Singtam and Chakoong, we were either wading through deep mud, or climbing over rocks. Leeches swarmed in incredible profusion in the streams and damp grass, and among the bushes: they got into my hair, hung on my eyelids, and crawled up my legs and down my back. I repeatedly took upwards of a hundred from my legs, where the small ones used to collect in clusters on the instep: the sores which they produced were not healed for five months afterwards, and I retain the scars to the present day. Snuff and tobacco leaves are the best antidote, but when marching in the rain, it is impossible to apply this simple remedy to any advantage. The best plan I found to be rolling the leaves over the feet, inside the stockings, and powdering the legs with snuff.

"Another pest is a small midge, or sand-fly, which causes intolerable itching and subsequent irritation, and is in this respect the most insufferable torment in Sikkim; the minutest rent in one's clothes is detected by the acute senses of this insatiable bloodsucker, which is itself so small as to be barely visible without a microscope. We daily arrived at our campaigning ground streaming with blood, and mottled with the bites of peepsas, gnats, midges, and mosquitos, besides being infested with ticks."

The higher regions, of course, are free from these pests, and on the Southern side almost from specimens of animal life which in Tibet are somewhat more numerous. Here is a picture of desolation in the Donkia pass, and a more animated view from the mountain Bhomto.

"Before leaving I took one more long look at the boundless prospect; and, now that its important details were secured, I had leisure to reflect on the impression it produced. There is no loftier country on the globe than that embraced by this view, and no more howling wilderness; well might the Singtam Soubah and every Tibetan describe it as the loftiest, coldest, windiest, and most barren country in the world. Were it buried in everlasting snows, or burnt by a Tropical sun, it might still be as utterly sterile; but with such sterility I had long been familiar. Here the colorings are those of the fiery desert or volcanic island, while the climate is that of the Poles. Never, in the course of all my wanderings, had my eyes rested on a scene so dreary and inhospitable. The 'cities of the plain' lie sunk in no more deathlike sea than Chalamoo lake, nor are the tombs of Petra hewn in more desolate cliffs than those which flank the valley of the Tibetan Arun.

\* \* \* \* \*

"No village or house is seen throughout the

extensive area over which the eye roams from Bhomto, and the general character of the desolate landscape was similar to that which I have described as seen from Dankia Pass (p. 124.) The wild ass grazing with its foal on the sloping downs, the hare bounding over the stoney soil, the antelope scouring the sandy flats, and the fox stealing along to his burrow, are all desert and Tartarian types of the animal creation. The shrill whistle of the marmot alone breaks the silence of the scene, recalling the snows of Lapland to the mind: the kite and raven wheel through the air, a thousand feet over head, with as strong and steady a pinion as if that atmosphere possessed the same power of resistance that it does at the level of the sea. Still higher in the heavens, long black V shaped trains of wild geese cleave the air, shooting over the glacier-crowned top of Kinchinjow, and winging their flight in one day, perhaps, from the Yaru to the Ganges, over 500 miles of space, and through 22,000 feet of elevation. One plant alone, the yellow lichen (*borrera*), is found at this height, and only as a visitor; for Tartarlike, it emigrates over these lofty slopes and ridges, blown about by the violent winds. I found a small beetle on the very top, probably blown up also, for it was a flower-feeder, and seemed benumbed with cold."

Scattered throughout the volumes as occasions arise, are various questions as to the distribution and limitation of plants, and the geological operations of nature. The sum of these is, that the variety and adaptability of nature is greater than is generally supposed, and that the speculations of geologists are probably too bold and rash; effects being produced by quicker and simpler means than is often assumed. The delta of the Ganges furnishes an instance of the great variety of objects that a slight submergence and subsequent elevation would cast up, and the coal-fields of Burdwan an example to avoid hasty conclusions.

"To the geologist the Jheels and Sunderbunds are a most instructive region, as whatever may be the mean elevation of their waters, a permanent depression of ten to fifteen feet would submerge an immense tract, which the Ganges, Burrampooter, and Soormah would soon cover with beds of silt and sand. There would be extremely few shells in the beds thus formed, the Southern and Northern divisions of which would present two very different florae and faunas, and would in all probability be referred by future geologists to widely different epochs. To the North, beds of peat would be formed by grasses, and in other parts, Temperate and Tropical forms of plants and animals would be preserved in such equally-balanced proportions as to confound the palaeontologist; with the bones of the long-snouted alligator, Gangetic porpoise, India cow, buffalo, rhinoceros, elephant, tiger, deer, boar, and a host of other animals, he would meet with acorns of several species of oak, pine-cones



and magnolia fruits, rose seeds, and *Cycas* nuts, with palm nuts, screw-pines, and other Tropical productions. On the other hand, the Sunderbunds portion, though containing also the bones of the tiger, deer, and buffalo, would have none of the Indian cow, rhinoceros, or elephant; there would be different species of porpoise, alligator, and deer, and none of the above-mentioned plants (*Cycas*, oak, pine, magnolia, and rose,) which would be replaced by numerous others, all distinct from those of the Jheels, and many of them indicative of the influence of salt water, whose proximity (from the rarity of sea-shells) might not otherwise be suspected.

"I cannot, however, think that botanical evidence of such a nature is sufficient to warrant a satisfactory reference of the Indian coal-fields to the same epoch as those of England or of Australia; in the first place, the outlines of the fronds of ferns and their nervation are frail characters if employed alone for the determination of existing genera, and much more so of fossil fragments: in the second place, recent ferns are so widely distributed, that an inspection of the majority affords little clue to the region or locality they come from: and in the third place, considering the wide difference in latitude and longitude of Yorkshire, India, and Australia, the natural conclusion is, that they could not have supported a similar vegetation at the same epoch. In fact, finding similar fossil plants at places widely different in latitude, and hence in climate, is, in the present state of our knowledge, rather an argument against than for their having existed contemporaneously.

"Specific identity of their contained fossils may be considered as fair evidence of the contemporaneous origin of beds; but amongst the many collections of fossil plants that I have examined, there is hardly a specimen, belonging to any epoch, sufficiently perfect to warrant the assumption that the species to which it belonged can be again recognised. The botanical evidences which geologists too often accept as proofs of specific identity are such as no botanist would attach any importance to in the investigation of existing plants. The faintest traces assumed to be of vegetable origin are habitually made into genera and species by naturalists ignorant of the structure, affinities, and distribution of living plants; and of such materials the bulk of so-called systems of fossil plants is composed."

However important natural investigations may be, and however striking descriptions of scenery, man, after all, is the great attraction; and our traveller's objects led him among a poor and simple people, removed, through the inhospitable nature of their country, or the ignorance and tyranny of their rulers, from most of the arts and conveniences of civilized life or the knowledge of civilized men. What arts they possess

seem mainly to have been introduced by religion—that form of Buddhism which has its head in the grand Lama of Thibet, the Pope of the Indo-Chinese world. As with Romanism during the middle ages, the arts and knowledge of the priesthood have been exercised for their own convenience and benefit rather than for the advancement of the people; and in the Nepaulese Himalaya and Thibet the people were not enough instructed to profit by what they saw. The Lamas resemble the Romish clergy, too, in many other respects. They have convents for men and women, vows of celibacy, dispensations, holy places, pilgrimages, penances and a long gradation of priests. Two out of costumes introduced by Dr. Hooker into his text have a strong general resemblance to the highest orders of Romish priests. Their services are very like those of the Papal-Church; and they apply art to aid devotion, though with more laxity or liberality than the Romanists display.

"Changachelling temples and chaits crown a beautiful rocky eminence on the ridge, their roofs, cones, and spires peeping through groves of bamboo, rhododendrons, and arbutus; the ascent is by broad flights of steps cut in the mica-slate rocks, up which shaven and girdled monks, with rosaries and long red gowns, were dragging loads of bamboo stems, that produced a curious rattling noise. At the summit there is a fine temple, with the ruins of several others, and of many houses; the greater part of the principal temple, which is two-storied and divided into several compartments, is occupied by families. The monks were busy repairing the part devoted to worship, which consists of a large chamber and vestibule of the usual form; the outside walls are daubed red, with a pigment of burnt felspathic clay, which is dug hard by. Some were painting the vestibule with colors brought from Lhasa, where they had been trained to the art. Amongst other figures was one playing a guitar, a very common symbol in the vestibules of Sikkim temples. I also saw an angel playing on the flute, and a snake-king offering fruit to a figure in the water, who was grasping a serpent. Amongst the figures I was struck by that of an Englishman, whom, to my amusement and the limner's great delight, I recognized as myself. I was depicted in a flowered-silk coat instead of a tartan shooting-jacket, my shoes were turned up at the toes, and I had on spectacles and a tartan cap, and was writing notes in a book. On one side a snake-king was politely handing me fruit, and on the other a horrible demon was writing.

"A crowd had collected to see whether I should recognize myself, and when I did so the merriment was extreme. They begged me to send them a supply of vermilion, gold-leaf, and brushes; our so-called camel's-hair pencils being much superior to theirs, which are made of marmot's hair.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The head Lama, my jolly fat friend of the 20th of December, came to breakfast with me, followed by several children—nephews and nieces, he said; but they were uncommonly like him for such a distant relationship, and he seemed extremely fond of them, and much pleased when I stuffed them with sugar."

The spectacles excited attention and imitation elsewhere.

"I descended to the Kulhait river, on my route back to Dorjiling, visiting my very hospitable tippling friend the Kajee of Lingcham on the way down: he humbly begged me to get him a pair of spectacles, for no other object than to look wise, as he had the eyes of a hawk; he told me that mine drew down universal respect in Sikkim, and that I had been drawn with them on in the temple at Changachelling, and that a pair would not only wonderfully become him, but afford him the most pleasing recollections of myself. Happily, I had the means of gratifying him, and have since been told that he wears them on state occasions."

The Rajah, the nominal ruler of Sikkim, was a mild saintly person, who had nearly reached the state of spiritual abstraction which Buddhism desiderates. He was consequently in the hands of his Dewan, a sharp, active, intriguing fellow, and for Sikkim a man of energy. His ignorance of the world and of diplomatic usage, however, was so great that he laid violent hands upon Dr. Campbell, the resident at Dorjiling, when travelling in Sikkim, with Dr. Hooker, in or-

der to obtain redress of some grievances and extort a treaty from the Company. Doctor Hooker too was detained with his official friend, but not so stringently. As the drama progressed, the Dewan became alarmed, though to the very last he did not thoroughly understand his predicament. Strange to say, he was, so far as we were concerned, permitted to get off scot free. The Indian Government and Lord Dalhousie, in whose suit Dr. Hooker had gone out, threatened vengeance; troops were moved up to Dorjiling; but when all seemed ready, the general in command pronounced the country "impracticable for a British army," and Napier, on reference to him, is said to have confirmed this opinion. It seems an odd conclusion, that British troops could not act where other men could live and move; but the singular part of the judgment is the omission to inquire into the obstacles to be overcome. These, according to Dr. Hooker, were some twenty-five muskets, which constituted the national artillery of Sikkim, and for which musqueteers would certainly have been wanting. However, the Rajah did not altogether escape; for a district of his most profitable land, lying convenient, was "annexed," and the Dewan lost his place.

The volumes are illustrated by two good maps, a number of colored plates, and a profusion of wood-cuts, which reflect great credit on Dr. Hooker's talent as a draughtsman, and impress the reader by means of the visible image.

THE French expression *dent de lion* stands for a certain plant, and some of the properties of that plant originated the name. When an Englishman calls the same plant *Dandy-lion*, the sound has not given birth "to a new idea," in his mind. Surely he pronounces badly three French words of which he may know the meaning, or he may not. But when the same Englishman, or any other, orders *sparrow-grass* for dinner, these two words contain "a new idea," introduced purposely: either he, or some predecessor reasoned thus—there is no meaning in *asparagus*; *sparrow-grass* must be the right word because it makes sense. The name of a well-known place in London illustrates both these changes: *Convent Garden* becomes *Covent Garden* by mispronunciation; it becomes *Common Garden* by intentional change.

Mistakes of the first class are not worth recording; those of the second fall under this general principle: words are purposely exchanged for others of a similar sound, because the latter are supposed to recover a lost meaning.—*Notes and Queries*.

PERHAPS as amusing a use of the word *imp* as can be found anywhere occurs in old Bacon, in his "Pathway unto Prayer"—

"Let us pray for the preservation of the King's most excellent Majesty, and for the prosperous success of his entirely beloved son Edward our Prince, that most angelic *imp*."

*Notes and Queries*.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.—The author of *The Rosciad* was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary, Dover. On a small moss-covered headstone is the following inscription:

"1764.

Here lie the remains of the celebrated  
C. CHURCHILL."

"Life to the last enjoy'd,

Here Churchill lies.

CANDIDATE."

The notice is sufficiently brief; no date, except the year, nor age being recorded. The biographers inform us, that he died at Boulogne of a fever, while on a visit to Wilkes.

*Notes and Queries*.

From the Critic.

## EDGAR POE.

WE have sometimes amused ourselves by conjecturing, had the history of human genius run differently—had all men of that class been as wise and prudent and good as too many of them have been improvident, foolish, and depraved—had we had a virtuous Burns, a pure Byron, a Goldsmith with common-sense, a Coleridge with self-control, and a Poe with sobriety—what a different world it had been; and what each of these surpassing spirits might have done to advance, refine, and purify society; what a host of “minor prophets” had been found among the array of the poets of our own country! For more than the influence of kings, or rulers, or statesmen, or clergymen—though it were multiplied tenfold—is that of the “Makers” whose winged words pass through all lands, tingle in all ears, touch all hearts, and in all circumstances are remembered and come humming around us—in the hours of labour, in the intervals of business, in trouble, and sorrow, and sickness, and on the bed of death itself; who enjoy, in fact, a kind of omnipresence—whose thoughts have over us the three-fold grasp of beauty, language, and music—and to whom at times “all power is given” in the “dreadful trance” of their genius, to move our beings to their foundations, and to make us better or worse, lower or higher men, according to their pleasure. Yet true it is, and pitiful as true, that these “Makers”—themselves made of the finest clay—have often been “marred,” and that the history of poets is one of the saddest and most humbling in the records of the world—sad and humbling especially because the poet is ever seen side-by-side with his own ideal, that graven image of himself he has set up with his own hands, and his failure or fall are judged accordingly. There is considerable truth in the remark made by poor Cowper. He says in his correspondence: “I have lately finished eight volumes of Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets*; in all that number I observe but one man whose mind seems to have had the slightest tincture of religion, and he was hardly in his senses. His name was Collins. But from the lives of all the rest there is but one inference to be drawn: that poets are a very worthless, wicked set of people.” This is certainly too harsh, since these lives include the names of Addison, Watts, Young, and Milton; but it contains a portion of truth. Poets, as a tribe, have been rather a worthless, wicked set of people; and certainly Edgar Poe, instead of being an exception, was probably the most worthless and wicked of all his fraternity.

And yet we must say, in justice, that the very greatest poets have been good as well as great. Shakspeare—judging him by his class and age—was undoubtedly, to say the least, a respectable member of society, as well as a warm-hearted and generous man. Dante and Milton we need only name. And these are “the first three” in the poetic army. Wordsworth, Young, Cowper, Southey, Bowles, Crabbe, Pollok, are inferior but still great names, and they were all, in different measures, good men. And of late years, indeed, the instances of depraved genius have become rarer and rarer: so much so that we are disposed to trace a portion of Poe’s renown to the fact that he stood forth an exception so gross, glaring, and defiant, to what was fast becoming a general rule.

In character he was certainly one of the strangest anomalies in the history of mankind. Many men as dissipated as he have had warm hearts, honourable feelings, and have been loved and pitied by all. Many, in every other respect worthless, have had some one or two redeeming points; and the combination of “one virtue and a thousand crimes” has not been uncommon. Others have the excuse of partial derangement for errors otherwise monstrous and unpardonable. But none of these pleas can be made for Poe. He was no more a gentleman than he was a saint. His heart was as rotten as his conduct was infamous. He knew not what the terms honour and honourable meant. He had absolutely no virtue or good quality, unless you call remorse a virtue and despair a grace. Some have called him mad; but we confess we see no evidence of this in his history. He showed himself, in many instances, a cool, calculating, deliberate blackguard. He was never mad, except when in delirium tremens. His intellect at all other times was of the clearest, sharpest, and most decisive kind. A large heart has often beat in the bosom of a debauchee; but Poe had not one spark of genuine tenderness, unless it were for his wife, whose heart, nevertheless, and constitution, he broke—hurrying her to a premature grave, that he might write *Annabel Lee* and *The Raven*! His conduct to his patron, and to the lady mentioned in his memoirs, whom he threatened to cover with infamy if she did not lend him money, was purely diabolical. He was, in short, a combination, in almost equal proportions, of the fiend, the brute, and the genius. One might call him one of the Gadarene swine, filled with a devil, and hurrying down a steep place to perish in the waves; but none could deny that—to use an expression applied first to a celebrated female author of the day—he was a “swine of genius.”

He has been compared to Swift, to Burns, to Sheridan, to DeQuincey, and to Hazlitt; but in none of these cases does the comparison fully hold. Swift had probably as black crimes on his conscience as Poe; but Swift could feel and could create in others the emotion of warmest friendship, and his outward conduct was irreproachable—it was otherwise with the Yankee Yahoo. Burns had many errors, poor fellow! but they were “all of the flesh, none of the spirit;” he was originally one of the noblest of natures; and during all his career nothing mean or dishonorable or black-hearted was ever charged against him; he was an erring man—but still a man. Sheridan was a sad scamp, but had a kind of *bonhomie* about him which carried off in part your feeling of disgust; and, although false to his party, he was in general true to his friends. De Quincey is of an order so entirely different from Poe that we must apologise for introducing their names into the same sentence—the one being a very amiable, and the other having been the most hardened and heartless of men; the only point of comparison in fact between them being their poverty. Hazlitt’s faults were deep and dark; but he was what Poe was not—an intensely honest and upright man; and he paid the penalty thereof in unheard-of abuse and proscription. In order to parallel Poe we must go back to Savage and Dermody. If our readers will turn to the first or second volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*, they will find an account of the last mentioned, which will remind them very much of Poe’s dark and discreditable history. Dermody, like Poe, was an habitual drunkard, licentious, false, treacherous, and capable of everything that was mean, base and malignant; but, unlike Poe, his genius was not far above mediocrity. Hartley Coleridge, too, may recur to some as a case in point; but, although he was often, according to a statement we heard once from Christopher North, “dead drunk at ten o’clock in the morning,” he was, both out of and in his cups, a harmless being, and a thorough gentleman—amiable, and, as the phrase goes, “nobody’s enemy but his own.”

How are we to account for this sad and miserable story? That Poe’s circumstances were precarious from the first—that he was left an orphan—that without his natural protector he became early exposed to temptation—that his life was wandering and unsettled—all this does not explain the utter and reckless abandonment of his conduct, far less his systematic want of truth, and the dark sinister malice which rankled in his bosom. Habitual drunkenness does indeed tend to harden the heart; but if Poe

had possessed any heart originally, it might as well as in the case of other dissipated men of genius, have resisted, and only in part yielded to the induration; and why *did* he permit himself to become the abject slave of the vice? The poet very properly puts “lust hard by hate” (and hence, perhaps, the proverbial fierceness of the bull), and Poe was as licentious as he was intemperate; but the question recurs, why? We are driven to one of two suppositions: either that his moral nature was more than usually depraved *ab origine*—that, as some have maintained, “conscience was omitted” in his constitution; or that, by the unrestrained indulgence of his passions, he, as John Bunyan has it, “tempted the devil,” and became the bound victim of infernal influence. In this age of scepticism such a theory is sure to be laughed at, but is not the less likely to be true. If ever man in modern times resembled at least a demoniac, “exceeding fierce, and dwelling among tombs”—possessed now by a spirit of fury, and now by a spirit of falsehood, and now by an “unclean spirit”—it was Poe, as he rushed with his eyes open into every excess of riot; or entered the house of his intended bride on the night before the anticipated marriage, and committed such outrages as to necessitate a summons of the police to remove the drunk and raving demon; or ran howling through the midnight like an evil spirit on his way to the Red Sea, battered by the rains, beaten by the winds, waving aloft his arms in frenzy, cursing loud and deep Man—himself—God—and proclaiming that he was already damned, and damned for ever. In demoniac possession too, of a different kind, it was that he fancied the entire secret of the making of the universe to be revealed to him, and went about everywhere shouting “Eureka”—a title, too, which he gave to the strange and splendid lecture in which he recorded the memorable illusion. And when the spirit of talk came at times mightily upon him—when the “witch element” seemed to surround him—when his brow flushed like an evening cloud—when his eyes glared wild lightning—when his hair stood up like the locks of a Bacchante,—when his chest heaved, and his voice rolled and swelled like subterranean thunder—men, admiring, fearing, and wondering, said, “He hath a demon, yea, seven devils are entered into him.” His tongue was then “set on fire,” but set on fire of hell; and its terrific inspiration rayed out of every gesture and look, and spake in every tone.

“Madness!” it will be cried again; but that word does not fully express the nature of Poe’s excitement in these fearful hours.

There was no incoherence either in his matter or in his words. There was, amid all the eloquence and poetry of his talk, a vein of piercing, searching, logical but sinister thought. All his faculties were shown in the same lurid light, and touched by the same torch of the furies. All blazed emulous of each other's fire. The awful soul which had entered his soul formed an exact counterpart to it, and the haggard "dream was one." One is reminded of the words of Aird, in his immortal poem *The Demoniac*:—

Perhaps by hopeless passions bound.  
And render'd weak, the mastery a demon o'er him found;  
Reason and duty all, all life, his being all became  
Subservient to the wild, strange law that overbears his frame;  
And in the dead hours of the night, when happier children lie  
In slumbers seal'd, he journeys far the flowing rivers by.  
And oft he haunts the sepulchres, where the thin shoals of ghosts  
Flit shiv'ring from death's chilling dews; to their un-bodied hosts  
That churm through night their feeble plaint, he yells;  
at the red morn  
Meets the great armies of the winds, high o'er the mountains borne,  
Leaping against their viewless rage, *tossing his arms on high,*  
And hanging balanced o'er sheer steep against the morning sky.

We are tempted to add the following lines; partly for their Dantesque power, and partly because they describe still more energetically than the last quotation such a tremendous possession as was Herman's in fiction and Poe's in reality:—

He rose; a smother'd gleam  
Was on his brow; with fierce notes roll'd his eyes dis-temper'd beam;  
He smiled, 'twas as the lightning of a hope about to die  
For ever from the furrow'd brows of Hell's eternity:  
Like sun-warmed snakes, *rose on his head a storm of golden hair,*  
Tangled; and thus on Miriam fell hot breathings of despair:  
"Perish the breasts that gave me milk! yea, in thy mould'ring heart,  
Good thrifty roots I'll plant, to stay next time my hunger's smart.  
Red-vein'd derived apples I shall eat with savage haste,  
And see thy life-blood blushing through, and glory in the taste."

Herman, in the poem, has a demon sent into his heart, in divine sovereignty, and that he may be cured by the power of Christ. But Poe had Satan substituted for soul, apparently to torment him before the time; and we do not see him ere the end, sitting, "clothed, and in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus." He died, as he had lived, a raving, cursing, self-condemned, conscious cross between the fiend and the genius, believing nothing, hoping nothing, loving nothing, fearing nothing—himself his own God and his own devil—a solitary wretch, who had cut off every bridge that connected him with the earth around and the heavens above. This however, let us say in his favor—he has

died "alone in his iniquity;" he has never, save by his example (so far as we know his works), sought to shake faith, or sap morality. His writings may be morbid, but they are pure; and, if his life was bad, has he not left it as a legacy to moral anatomists, who have met, and wondered over it, although they have given up all attempt at dissection or diagnosis, shaking the head, and leaving it alone in its shroud, with the solemn whispered warning to the world, and especially to its stronger and brighter spirits, "Beware!"

A case so strange as Poe's compels us into new and more searching forms of critical, as well as of moral analysis. Genius has very generally been ascribed to him; but some will resist and deny the ascription—proceeding partly upon peculiar notions of what genius is, and partly from a very natural reluctance to concede to a wretch so vile a gift so noble, and in a degree, too, so unusually large. Genius has often been defined as something inseparably connected with the *genial* nature. If this definition be correct, Poe was not a genius any more than Swift, for geniality neither he nor his writings possessed. But if genius mean a compound of imagination and inventiveness, original thought, heated by passion, and accompanied by power of fancy, Poe was a man of great genius. In wanting geniality, however, he wanted all that makes genius lovely and beloved, at once beautiful and dear. A man of genius without geniality is a mountain, clad in snow, accompanied by tempests, and visited only by hardy explorers who love sublime nakedness, and to snatch a fearful joy from gazing down black precipices; a man whose genius is steeped in the genial nature is an Autumn landscape, suggesting not only images of beauty, and giving thrills of delight, but yielding peaceful and plenteous fruits, in which the heart finds a rest and a home. From the one the timid, the weak, and the gentle retire in terror which overpowers their admiration; but in the other the lowliest and the feeblest find shelter and repose. Even Dante and Milton, owing to the excess of their intellectual and imaginative powers over their genial feelings, are less loved than admired, while the vast supremacy of Shakspeare is due not merely to his universal genius, but to the predominance of geniality and heart in all his writings. You can envy and even hate Dante and Milton—and had Shakspeare only written his loftier tragedies, you might have hated and envied him too; but who can entertain any such feelings for the author of the *Comedy of Errors* and *Twelfth Night*, the creator of Falstaff, Dogberry, and Verres? If Genius be the sun, geniality is the atmo-



phere through which alone his beams can penetrate with power or be seen with pleasure.

Poe is distinguished by many styles and many manners. He is the author of fictions, as matter-of-fact in their construction and language as the stories of Defoe, and of tales as weird and wonderful as those of Hoffman—of amatory strains trembling, if not with heart, with passion, and suffused with the purple glow of love—and of poems, dirges either in form or in spirit, into which the genius of desolation has shed its dreariest essence—of verses, gay with apparent, but shallow joy, and of others dark with a misery which reminds us of the helpless, hopeless, infinite misery which sometimes visits the soul in dreams. But, amid all this diversity of tone and of subject, the leading qualities of his mind are obvious. These consist of a strong imagination—an imagination, however, more fertile in incidents, forms, and characters, than in images; keen power of analysis, rather than synthetic genius; immense inventiveness; hot passions, cooled down by the presence of art, till they resemble sculptured flame, or lightning in the hand of a painted Jupiter; knowledge rather *recherché* and varied than strict, accurate, or profound; and an unlimited command of words, phrases, musical combinations of sound, and all the other materials of an intellectual workman. The direction of these powers was controlled principally by his habits and circumstances. These made him morbid; and his writings have all a certain morbidity about them. You say at once, cool and clear as most of them are, these are not the productions of a healthy or happy man. But surely never was there such a calm despair—such a fiery torment so cased in ice! When you compare the writings with the known facts of the author's history, they appear to be so like, and so unlike, his character, you seem looking at an inverted image. You have the features but they are discovered at an unexpected angle. You see traces of the misery of a confirmed debauchee, but none of his disconnected ravings, or the partial imbecility which often falls upon his powers. There is a strict, almost logical, method in his wildest productions. He tells us himself that he wrote *The Raven* as coolly as if he had been working out a mathematical problem. His frenzy is a conscious one—he feels his own pulse when it is at the wildest, and looks at his foaming lips in the looking-glass. You are reminded of the figure of Mephistopheles in Retzsch's illustrations of Faust, sitting on the infernal steed, which is moving at the pace of the whirlwind, with the calm of perfect indifference.

Poe was led by a singular attraction to all dark, dreadful, and disgusting objects and thoughts—mahlstroms, mysteries, murders, mummies, premature burials, excursions to the moon, solitary mansions surrounded by mist and weighed down by mysterious dooms, lonely tarns, trembling to the winds of autumn and begirt by the shivering ghosts of woods. These are the materials which his wild imagination loves to work with, and out of them to weave the most fantastic and dismal of worlds. Yet there's "magic in the web." You often revolt at his subjects; but no sooner does he enter on them, than your attention is riveted, you lend him your ears—nay, that is a feeble world, you surrender your whole being to him for a season, although it be as you succumb, body and soul, to the dominion of a nightmare. What greatly increases the effect, as in *Gulliver's Travels*, is the circumstantiality with which he recounts the most amazing and incredible things. His tales, too, are generally cast into the autobiographical form, which adds much to their living vraisemblance and vivid power. It is Coleridge's "Old Mariner" over again. Strange, wild, terrible, is the tale he has to tell; haggard, woe-begone, unearthly, is the appearance of the narrator. Every one at first, like the wedding guest, is disposed to shrink and beat his breast; but he holds you with his glittering eye, he forces you to follow him into his own enchanted region,—and once there, you forget everything, your home, your friends, your creed, your very personal identity, and become swallowed up like a straw in the mahlstrom of his story, and forget to breathe till it is ended, and the mysterious tale-teller is gone. And during all the wild and whirling narrative, the same chilly glitter has continued to shine in his eye, his blood has never warmed, and he has never exalted his voice above a thrilling whisper.

Poe's power may perhaps be said to be divisible into two parts—first, that of adding an air of circumstantial verity to incredibleities; and secondly, that of throwing a weird lustre upon commonplace events. He tells fiction so minutely and with such apparent simplicity and sincerity, that you almost believe it true; and he so combines and so recounts such incidents as you meet with every day in the newspapers that you feel truth to be stranger far than fiction. Look, as a specimen of the first, to his Descent into the Mahlstrom, and to his Hans Pfaal's Journey to the Moon. Both are impossible; the former as much so as the latter; but he tells them with such Dante-like directness, and such Defoe-like minuteness, holding his watch and marking, as it were, every second in the progress of each stupendous lie—that

you rub your eyes at the close, and ask the question, Might not all this actually have occurred? And then turn to the Murders in the Rue St. Morgue, or to the Mystery of Marie Roget, and see how, by the disposition of the drapery, he throws over little or ordinary incidents, connected, indeed with an extraordinary catastrophe, he lends

The light which never was on sea or shore

to streets of revelry and vulgar sin, and to streams whose sluggish waters are never disturbed save by the plash of murdered victims, or by the plunge of suicides desperately hurling their bodies to the fishes, and their souls to the flames of Hell.

In one point, Poe bears a striking resemblance to his own illustrious countryman, Brockden Brown—neither resort to agency absolutely supernatural, in order to produce their terrific effects. They despise to start a ghost from the grave—they look upon this as a cheap and *fade* expedient—they appeal to the “mightier might” of the human passions, or to those strange unsolved phenomena in the human mind, which the terms mesmerism and somnambulism serve rather to disguise than to discover, and sweat out from their native soil superstitions far more powerful than those of the past. Once only does Poe approach the brink of the purely preternatural—it is in that dreary tale, the “Fall of the House of Usher;” and yet nothing so discovers the mastery of the writer as the manner in which he avoids, while nearing the gulf. There is really nothing after all in the strang incidents of the story, but what natural principles can explain. But Poe so arranges and adjusts the singular circumstances to each other, and weaves around them such an artful mist, that they produce a most unearthly effect. He separates the feeling of supernatural fear from the consciousness of supernatural agency, and gives you it entire, “lifting the skin from the scalp to the ancles.” Perhaps some may think that he has fairly crossed the line in that dialogue between Charmian and Iras, describing the conflagration of the world. But, even there, how admirably does he produce a certain feeling of probability by the management of the natural causes which he brings in to produce the catastrophe. He burns his old witch-mother the earth, scientifically! We must add that the above is the only respect in which Poe resembles Brown. Brown was a virtuous and amiable man, and his works, although darkened by unsettled religious views, breathe a fine spirit of humanity. Poe wonders at, and hates man—Brown wonders at, but at the same time pities, loves, and hopes in him. Brown mingled among

men like a bewildered angel—Poe like a prying fiend.

We have already alluded to the singular power of analysis possessed by this strange being. This is chiefly conspicuous in those tales of his which turn upon circumstantial evidence. No lawyer or judge has ever equalled Poe in the power he manifests of sifting evidence—of balancing probabilities—of finding the *multum* of a large legal case in the *parvum* of some minute and well-nigh invisible point—and in constructing the real story out of a hundred dubious and conflicting incidents. What scales he carries with him! how fine and tremulous with essential justice! And with what a microscopic eye he watches every foot-print! Letters thrown loose on the mantel-piece, bell-ropes, branches of trees, handkerchiefs, &c., become to him instinct with meaning, and point with silent finger to crime and to punishment. And to think of this subtle algebraic power, combined with such a strong ideality, and with such an utterly corrupted moral nature! It is as though Chatterton had become a Bow-street officer. Surely none of the hybrids which geology has dug out of the graves of Chaos, and exhibited to our shuddering view, is half so strange a compound as was Edgar Poe. We have hitherto scarcely glanced at his poetry. It, although lying in a very short compass, is of various merit: it is an abridgment of the man in his strength and weakness. Its chief distinction, as a whole, from his prose, is its peculiar music. *That*, like all his powers, is fitful, changeful, varying; but not more so than to show the ever-varying moods of his mind, acting on a peculiar and indefinite theory of sound. The alpha and omega of that theory may be condensed in the word “reiteration.” He knows the effect which can be produced by ringing changes on particular words. The strength of all his strains consequently lies in their chorus, or “oure turn,” as we call it in Scotland. We do not think that he could have succeeded in sustaining the harmonies or keeping up the interest of a large poem. But his short flights are exceedingly beautiful, and some of his poems are miracles of melody. All our readers are familiar with the *Raven*; it is a dark world in itself; it rises in your sky suddenly as a cloud, like a man’s hand in the heaven of Palestine, and covers all the horizon with the blackness of darkness. As usual in his writings, it is but a common event idealised; there is nothing supernatural or even extraordinary in the incident recounted; but the reiteration of the one dreary word “nevermore;” the effect produced by seating the solemn bird of yore upon the bust of Pallas; the manner in

which the fowl with its fiery eyes becomes the evil conscience or memory of the lonely widower; and the management of the time, the season, and the circumstances—all unite in making the Raven in its flesh and blood a far more terrific apparition than ever from the shades made night hideous, while "re-visiting the glimpses of the moon." The poem belongs to a singular class of poetic uniques, each of which is itself enough to make a reputation, such as Coleridge's *Rime of the Anciente Marinere* or *Christabel*, and Aird's *Devil's Dream upon Mount Acksbeck*—poems in which some one new and generally dark idea is wrought out into a whole so strikingly complete and self-contained as to resemble creation, and in which thought, imagery, language, and music combine to produce a similar effect, and are made to chime together like bells. What entirety of effect, for instance, is produced in the *Devil's Dream* by the unearthly theme, the strange title, the austere and terrible figures, the large rugged volume of verse, and the knotty and contorted language; and in the *Rime of the Anciente Marinere* by the ghastly form of the narrator—the wild rhythm, the new mythology, and the exotic diction of the tale he tells! So Poe's *Raven* has the unity of a tree blasted, trunk, and twigs, and root, by a flash of lightning. Never did melancholy more thoroughly "mark for its own" any poem than this. All is in intense keeping. Short as the poem is, it has a beginning, middle, and end. Its commencement how abrupt and striking—the time a December midnight—the poet a solitary man, sitting "weak and weary," poring in helpless fixity, but with no profit or pleasure, over a black-letter volume; the fire half expired; and the dying embers haunted by their own ghosts, and shivering above the hearth! The middle is attained when the raven mounts the bust of Pallas, and is fascinating the solitary wretch by his black glittering plumage, and his measured, melancholy croak. And the end closes as with the wings of night over the sorrow of the unfortunate, and these dark words conclude the tale:—

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating  
on the floor,  
Shall be lifted Never more.

You feel as if the poem might have been penned by the finger of one of the damned. Its author has fallen below the suicide point; death opens up no hope for him: his quarrel is not with *life* on earth—it is with *being* anywhere.

The same shadow of unutterable woe rests upon several of his smaller poems, and the effect is greatly enhanced by their gay and song-like rhythm. That madness or misery which *sings* out its terror or grief, is always the most desperate. It is like a burden of hell set to an air of heaven. "Ullalume" might have been written by Coleridge during the sad middle portion of his life. There is a sense of dreariness and desolation as of the last of earth's Autumns, which we find nowhere else in such perfection. What a picture these words convey to the imagination:—

The skies they were ashen and sober;  
The leaves they were crisped and sere—  
The leaves they were withering and sere,  
It was night in the lonesome October  
Of my most immemorial year.  
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty mid-region of Weir—  
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber  
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

These to many will appear only words; but what wondrous words! What a spell they wield—what a withered unity there is in them! Like a wasted haggard face, they have no bloom or beauty; but what a tale they tell! Weir—Auber—where are they? They exist not, except in the writer's imagination, and in yours; for the instant they are uttered a misty picture, with a tarn, dark as a murderer's eye, below, and the thin, yellow leaves of October fluttering above—exponents both of a misery which scorns the name of sorrow, and knows neither limit nor termination—is hung up in the chamber of your soul for ever. What power, too, there is in the "Haunted Palace," particularly in the last words, "*They laugh, but smile no more!*" Dante has nothing superior in all those chilly yet fervent words of his, where "The ground burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire."

We must now close our sketch of Poe; and we do so with feelings of wonder, pity, and awful sorrow, tempted to look up to heaven, and to cry, "Lord, why didst thou make this man in vain?" Yet perhaps there was even in him some latent spark of goodness, which may even now be developing itself under a kindlier sky. If man, even at his *best* estate, be altogether vanity, at his *worst* he cannot be much more. He has gone far away from the misty mid-region of Weir; his dreams of cosmogonies, &c. have been tested by the searching light of Eternity's truth; his errors have received the reward that was meet; and we cannot but say, ere we close, peace even to the well-nigh putrid dust of Edgar Poe.

From Hogg's Instructor.

### THE EMIGRANT.

'There is sometimes more true heroism passing in a corner, and on occasions that make no noise in the world, than has often been exercised by those whom that world esteems her greatest heroes.'—*William Cowper*.

RECENTLY a chubby quarto volume, yeleft 'Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern,' by William Motherwell, fell into our hands. We found it in a heap of venerable tomes in an old 'Hut,' by an old castellated mansion, whose old orchard, with its 'trimmed' and over-arched holly and linden walks, long out of date, and old ancestral trees, and high mossy walls, whereon still 'sunned' peaches, and apricots, and golden apples cluster thick and heavily, was a 'home and haunt' of ours in 'Auld Langsyne.' We read it seated underneath the old pear-tree to the music of the gurgling and gushing 'spring' that issues from its tangled roots, and we could have wept with very joy as we went from 'ballad to ballad.' It was, indeed, a 'treasure-trove' to us; rubbing up, as it did, many of our earliest associations, and reviving many recollections that have for long been laid up as it were in the lumber-house of memory. Some of the 'ballads and songs' given in this priceless collection we have heard sung or chanted; others we have elsewhere seen in print; others, again, we must have heard of somewhere, for we could repeat scraps of them; but how we acquired this knowledge, we cannot tell. In the same way we have a recollection of several humorous old songs that were popular some sixty years ago or thereby, that are now probably lost; for, as the most of them were 'high kilted,' or, in popular phrase, 'had a thread of blue' running through them, they were inadmissible into any collection intended to meet the eye of the general public; and yet, for all that, they were not destitute either of wit or humor; and gladly would we 'tell doon' as many 'gowden' pounds to have them again complete.

Amongst the many excellent 'ballads' preserved by Motherwell, there is one—and many may think it very far from the best of them—that gave us exquisite pleasure to discover, as we firmly believe that it was the artless chanting of this old strain that produced the first emotions of pity or resentment that ever entered our bosom, and which instilled into our infant mind a hatred of wanton cruelty and injustice that will go with us to the grave.

Our readers must know that we had a 'Grannie,' from whom we doubtless inherit that kind of superstitious reverence for old songs and old stories of a certain sort,

which is our 'failing' (that surely 'leans to virtue's side'). This kindly creature was wont to place our sister and ourself beside her while she sat 'driving awa' at the thrift,' that is, the spinning-wheel, and beguiled the long winter's evenings by telling us tales or ballads, or singing us old 'Scots' songs. Of the latter, 'Gill Morice,' 'Gilderoy,' and the 'Bonnie Yerl (Earl) o' Murray,' were held, and still are held, by us in high estimation; but none of them all sunk deeper into, or made a more lasting impression upon, our mind than 'The Lammiken'—the 'Lambert Linkin' of Motherwell. Whether it was the words, or whether it was the air—which is as artless, wild, and plaintive as the words themselves—that had made such a powerful impression on us, we cannot tell; but this we do know, that, from the first time we heard the air to the present hour, it has rarely been long absent from our mind; and as for the words, we remembered a few lines here and there, and had a kind of dreamy recollection that the catastrophe was brought about by the agency of the 'Lammiken' and the 'fause nurse.' But who the 'Lammiken' was, or what was his motive for committing such a terrible act of cruelty, till lately, we could not make out.

As an instance of the effect of the singing of this old ballad upon our feelings, we may mention the following circumstance, the more especially as it was touchingly illustrated in the sad story which is to form the sequel of the present Sketch; and which led to the 'Emigration' that is to come before us.

The incident is as follows:—Our youngest sister at the time we have alluded to was a baby of a few months old, and we, somehow or another, contrived to identify her with the babe mentioned in the song. When 'Grannie,' in singing, came to the verse where, in reply to a question put by the murderer, the nurse makes the hellish suggestion,

'We'll stab the babe to the heart  
Wi' a silver bo'kin,'

we more than once threw our tiny body over the sleeping infant, as it lay in its cradle, to shield it from some apprehended danger; and no entreaty nor threat could prevail on us to alter our position until we were assured that the 'Lammiken' was 'hanged,' and the 'fause nurse' burned.

We have often since wondered what could be in this old ballad that could interest the feelings of a child (we could not be more than six years of age) to such a degree; and many an inquiry had we made about it; but all to no purpose; for although a few

had heard it sung or rather chanted, yet they had never learned it, and no one that we happened to speak to had ever seen or heard of its being in print. This 'Collection' of Motherwell, however, gratified our curiosity in this respect; and delightful it was to us to find the conception which we had formed of this fine old ditty more than justified. To our readers, then, we would submit a 'screed' of criticism on this our 'youthie's' ballad, such as one unskilled in the craft by square and rule may give, and which will serve the double purpose of introducing to them a fine specimen of touching Scottish minstrelsy, and at the same time serve as a wonderfully appropriate foreground to our 'story' of 'The Emigrant,' which in its tenderest portions is almost a reproduction of the burden of the 'Lammiken.'

This old ballad, readers, can lay no claim to poetical embellishments; there are none of the shifting lights and hues of fancy in it. The narrative is plain, simple, and bare, even to nakedness, but it is for the most part clear, explicit, and terse. In the very first stanza we are made acquainted with the circumstances; namely, that the murderer was an excellent tradesman, that he was the builder of 'Prunie Castle,' and that for doing which he 'payment gat nane.'

In the next verse we find the 'lord' warning the 'lady'

'To beware o' Benlinkin.  
That lives in the wood.'

From this we easily infer that he (Benlinkin) was no ordinary man; that he was something more than a 'gude mason;' in short, that he was one of those dangerous characters frequently to be met with in all ranks of society, with whom it is not safe to trifle; and whom we can never hope to offend with impunity. He ('the lord,') seems to have felt that, in defrauding the hireling of his hire, he had given just cause of provocation to a man whom no mean paltry revenge would satisfy—a man who, to accomplish his fell purpose, could add the cunning of the fox to the ferocity of the tiger: hence the very natural 'warning.' In old 'Gran-nie's' version of this ballad, it strikes us that the 'nurse' had some part in securing the castle, for well do we remember these two lines—

'She left a wee hole  
To let the Lammiken come in.'

That this was the case, is confirmed by the friendly greetings which take place between the 'nurse' and the 'murderer' on his first 'entrie.' Indeed, it is quite apparent that the 'nurse' must have been privy to the design from the beginning. The old bard,

whoever he was, must have had a fine perception of the working of the human passions; for he makes the 'murderer,' after gaining admittance to the stronghold, and finding none but an innocent child and a defenceless woman to wreak his vengeance upon, wavering and irresolute. He hesitates, puts questions, and uses threats, as if to prolong the time, and, it might be, find a feasible pretext for delay, till he should obtain objects more worthy of his 'vengeance;' he even states his dislike to the horrid proposal made by his companion, and tells her,

'That would be a pity ;'

but, as that she-devil seems to have been insensible to such an emotion, she replies, that such a deed would 'be nae pity;' and so, ashamed partly at his own want of resolution, and partly for being outdone in a deed of vengeance by a woman, we can easily conceive him giving a reluctant consent. With a delicacy seldom found among old poets, our bard spares us the details of the murder; but he relates the consummation of the deed in fearfully emphatic language—

'Benlinkin he rock'd,  
And the fause nourice she sang,  
Till a' the tors o' the cradle  
Wi' red blude down ran.'

Was ever murder committed with so much deliberation, ay, and 'singing'?—surely not. Shakspeare never imagined anything equal to this for ruthless ingenuity. In the passage immediately following, we have a beautiful picture of maternal love—that all-pervading feeling in the breast of woman, which impels her to endure every hardship, brave every danger, and to rush even on certain destruction, in order to preserve the life, or even to alleviate the pain, of her suffering offspring. All this is more than exemplified in the case before us. We can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that the 'lady' was altogether ignorant that the castle was in the hands of the enemy, or, at least, but that she was haunted by a presentiment of some imminent, though unseen danger. She hears the wailing of her infant with intense agony, but a sense of self-preservation induces her to propose that he be 'stilled,' first with one plaything, then with another; but, when she is artfully told that he will not be 'stilled' till 'she come down herself,' all sense of danger is lost in the yearnings of a mother's heart, and she rushes into the presence of the murderer, and offers to 'buy' her own life, after finding that that of her unoffending infant had been already sacrificed. Her offer, as a matter of course, is declined; but declined



in such a way as to show that the assassin was neither destitute of the nobler sentiments of humanity, nor laboring under an ungovernable passion. As has been shown, he seems to have committed the first deed of violence in some sense at the instigation of another, and with a sort of reluctance; his hand was yet warm and reeking with the blood of innocence, and he must have felt something like abhorrence in the contemplation of again plunging it into the same purple stream; and, accordingly, we find him communing with himself as to whether he would 'kill her, or let her be.' Possibly his better sentiments might have prevailed, but the incarnate fiend was at his elbow, and whispered,

'You may kill her,  
She was ne'er gude to me.'

Then, by way of encouragement,

'And ye'll be Lord o' the Castle,  
And I'll be Ladye.'

Ay, ay; we have here the secret motives that brought about this horrid tragedy laid bare—implacable resentment and burning ambition, rankling in the mind of a cruel, remorseless, abandoned woman. Surely Shakspeare must have had the 'fause nourice' in his eye when he drew the character of Lady Macbeth. He, the dome-mind of all literature, shows his reverent, loving acquaintance with Scottish 'Minstrelsy' more than once! But we are not done yet. When we bear in mind the 'warning' given by the 'lord' ere he 'gaed abroad,' his misgivings and forebodings

'As he sat in England,  
A drinking the wine,"

are beautifully natural; and the bursting of the rings on his fingers is finely imagined, and in strict accordance with the opinions of the times, when it was an article of faith that 'coming events cast their shadows before,' a 'fræt' not yet entirely exploded, for there are people still who firmly believe that every calamity, public or private, is preceded by a 'warning.' The idea is a very poetical one, false as it may be in fact; and, in this particular instance of the 'bursting rings,' it has hitherto been overlooked that this startling 'touch' in the actings of Garriek and Kean of the 'dying king,' was anticipated in this and other of the grand old Ballads of Scotland. From what we are already made acquainted with, we are not greatly surprised when we are told, that when the 'lord' arrived at his castle he found his whole family massacred: and our sense of (at least poetical) justice is not quite satisfied with the punishment he inflicts on the

assassin, for, in popular phraseology, we feel 'hanging to be owre gude' for the one, and the drawing out the life of the other piecemeal below the bars of the grate in a baronial hall, is repulsively savage.

But, without staying to point out a few defects which belong more especially to the construction of the ballad, our criticism must close. Surely it will send our readers, 'one and all,' to the ballad, if not to the 'Collection' itself. And now for its connection with this our sketch of 'The Emigrant,' and the reason that induced us to make it the foreground or introduction.

That old, old orchard, in which stands the old castellated 'mansion' whither we led you, gentle reader, in our opening sentences, has, in one of its bosky nooks, down which 'bickers' and sparkles the silvery water of the 'Pear-tree Spring,' the 'Ruins' hoary, and at every jutting-stone covered with the lady-fern, of a grim, thick-walled Fortalice. In that Fortalice, of old known as 'The Castle,' did the 'Lammiken' commit his deed of blood. For two centuries and more (so tradition runs), it has mouldered down in its sylvan hermitage. But still it wears an aspect of 'sturt and strife,' and still, up to the present time, round about its base, among the wild primroses, and blue 'craw-flowers,' and thick-sown sorrel, the pilgrim will find a strange handwriting against the 'murder' of the 'Lady's bairn' in those scattered knots, as it were great 'gouts' of 'bluidy clover' on and on, ineradicably, at every footfall of the 'fell Lammiken' to the hut of the 'fause nourice.'

It was in that 'Hut,' reader, we discovered our old ballad (as already intimated); and 'deserted' as a dwelling-place now, the proprietor of the more recent mansion (our good friend) was using it at the time of our visit as a lumber-place for his old books, while the library was being prepared. But we have more to tell of the 'Hut.' As we have said, it was the 'hame' of the 'fause nourice,' at least it occupied (traditionally) the site of her abode, and had also, till within these fifty or sixty years, one or two of the 'stances' of the 'original' built into it. And thereby hangs a tale—our tale of 'The Emigrant.' From the period of the 'cruelle murder' by the 'Lammiken' and the 'fause nourice,' a curse from God fell on that lonely 'Hut.' Tradition avers that the very week after the 'lord' had avenged his 'wife, and bairne, and familie,' the usually placid 'burn' rose at the 'midnight,' and swept it from its very foundation; and that, more wonderful still, in settling down into its wonted channel, the 'burn' so left leaves of trees and little bits of wood and feathers along the bank, that they who saw

It read plainly the word 'GOD' written in great capital letters. The interpretation put upon this was, that the 'Hut' of the 'fause nourice' had been removed by the direct visiting hand of God; and it was his will that it never should be inhabited again. And so the 'scattered and peeled' fragments lay (it is delivered) through many a 'summer's sun, and winter's snaw.' But, in course of time, the 'lord' and 'ladye' (not of the former family) of the 'old castle' proceeded to re-erect the 'Hut' as a kind of sweet 'retreat;' for a bonnier spot never was under the 'lift.' There were shakings of the head, and whisperings among the 'commonalty,' and half-muttered allusions to the strangely-written word 'God' on the 'burn-bank brae;' nay the tradition had assumed 'body' and words, and ran, that no one would ever prosper who lived in that 'Hut,' be they 'high or low.'

Sad coincidence, too, that while it was being built, partly new, *partly out of the outlying former fragments*, first the 'ladye fair,' and next her 'bonnie sons twae,' and last her 'gowden-haired lassie-bairn,' died. The 'lord' was implored to let 'it alane,' and for years he did 'let it be; and many were the strange 'sights and sounds' said to have been seen about that 'half-built' little 'hut-house;' and the 'curse' was rendered as sure as 'haly writ' by those 'stan'in' wa's' being struck down (also at 'midnight') by the 'levin-fire.' But the 'lord's son'—he himself having died—slighted the tradition, and even scorned the 'awesome doon-puin;' and wishing to enlarge and improve the orchard, he resolved to re-erect the 'Hut' of the 'fause nourice,' and make it the 'hame' of the 'gardner.'

It was done; and 'abune the door,' and 'aneth the door,' *two large stones of the 'auld hut' were 'built in' to the new one.* It was finished: the 'gardner' entered on possession, but 'tribulation and wo' followed him. It was remarked, that not one of his family born after he went to the 'Hut' lived beyond the age of the 'murdered wean' of the 'faire ladye' of the castle. His wife also died, and he himself seemed to be 'dwyning' away, too, when he 'gathered up his gear,' left the place, and (it was said) went to the south 'of England,' where he did 'weel enough.' Still the 'Hut' was not 'casten doon' again, and another and another family 'to it cam,' but with the same results. At last it was discovered that an old tradition went, that, if so be there was 'nane o' the stanes' of the 'Hut' of the 'fause nourice' retained, the 'sun might blink again' upon it. And wildly strange enough, once more the 'burn' rose, and 'swept it' from its site, for the 'thirde time.' This startled every

one; and more than twenty years passed without a thought of 'touching it' occurring. But (and it was about this time our 'forbears' came to the place) the 'ladye' of 'the castle' (it must have been the new one, though the link is lost), anxious to 'provide' for an old attached servant, resolved to 'build' her the 'Hut,' as a 'canny shelter' for her closing years. This was our great-great-grandmother. It was duly erected; but particular care was taken that none of the 'stances antique' should be 'used,' and especially the two 'big stanes' that had been last 'built in.' Now, the 'curse' seemed to be 'taken aff.' It had ran, that so long as 'ae stane o' the auld hut-house' remained, none should ever 'thrive or dow' within it. But reverently had all the 'stances ancient' been removed; so that prosperity might be looked for. However, it came not. If there were not as many 'deaths' as before, there were as many 'misfortunes.' At last it was discovered that the 'ancient stanes' of the 'fause nourice's' Hut had been applied to the 'repairing' of various of the 'dykes' on the 'acres' attached to it as a farm; which, be it observed, was 'farmed' by our old great-grandfather, and his 'bairns' downwards.

They, the 'stances' (it went), made the 'curse' cleave to the very soil; and certainly, 'work thrang' as they might, it was but a poor, 'blae' place. Now, according to tradition, it had all been once 'like a garden;' and there was the orchard itself, so fruitful and 'rich!' Member after member of our 'forbears' toiled and struggled in vain. One after another they 'tried,' earnestly, resolutely. They came and went; and 'new-comers' equally failed. We believe that we are within the mark, when we say, that this little 'corner' of Scotland sent forth, 'disheartened and toilworn,' from its leanness upwards of twenty individuals. It was from 'struggling' fruitlessly here that the idea of 'emigration' first entered into the mind of our folks. One after another went. One after another succeeded, old and young; and at last our own immediate family, including 'Grannie' and our 'sin dear faither,' alone were left. We, too, on the reluctant decision of 'our faither' (it will be fifty-and-seven years 'sin-syne') were also to 'flit,' and *he is 'The Emigrant' of this our Sketch.* Now-a-days, 'emigration' is little thought of. One would be laughed at in this 1854 who wept bitter tears at the thought of 'leaving,' and just because at leaving (for a' their kin' may be wi' them) auld Scotland. But it was not so in auld langsyne. The 'bluid' is thinner, and the heart 'caulder' noo, and—

But why dwell upon it. However, we

must tell our story. As we have said, our 'faither, fairly 'worn down' by toil 'with-outen' result, had sadly and sorrowfully resolved to join those of our friends who had some years before emigrated to Canada. All the arrangements were completed. A new 'tenant' had leased our 'hame.' Our 'a' had been sold by 'roup.' In a few days the vessel was to sail. But we never went. Our loving and best-beloved 'faither' was taken from us; and we verily believe he died of a 'broken heart.' We feel, after reflecting on all the circumstances, that it was nothing that crushed him but 'tearing himself' (his own words) frae the hame o' his youth, an' the graves o' his fireside, an' auld mither Scotland hersel'.

We might give evidence; but with such 'inner' sorrows few have sympathy; fewer still can realise them, and, it may be, the good old man would be called 'weak.' Ay, 'weak,' as the world thinks (and a weakness in which we his son share), but with a heart as strong in trial, and an arm as ready in danger, and a FAITH in Him 'abune' as immovable, as ever was. But Scotland, 'auld mither Scotland,' to 'pairt frae' her was indeed to 'dee,' was to take him from all of 'gude' and fair 'i' the warl'; 'and he died.' Golden be his memory! Only distantly, and with 'bowed head,' may we hope to walk in his footsteps.

Well! what of the story of 'The Emigrant?' our readers will be asking. It remains to be told—it remains to us to present such an one as our 'faither' to our readers, in view of 'emigration,' whereby we shall doubtless give utterance to thoughts and feelings that shall meet a responsive chord even now.

Let us, then, gentle reader, suppose that the decision has been come to. Good old (may we name him?) John McGregor and his family (some half-century ago) are about to place the Atlantic between them and Scotland.

If he had written his autobiography (Isn't that the 'lang-nebbit' word, Mr. Hogg?), very likely a page of it would have run as follows (for well knew we the brave-hearted, hard-toiling old Scotchman). He was (it is to be understood) a small farmer—a man of worth and honesty—and he is driven by necessity to become an 'EMIGRANT':—

Noo that it is settled that I maun leave the land o' my fathers, and the place o' my nativity for the far distant wilds o' Canada, as yet I ha'e nae cause o' regret for the step I ha'e ta'en. For in this cauld barren place I ha'e toiled an' suffered frae year to year without betterin' my circumstances i' the sma'est; an' findin' that I canna dae as I ha'e dune muckle langer, I ha'e ta'en the

only coorse open to me as a pair, but honest man. As to the future, a' is dark: a braid sea to cross, a far journey on lan', an' a wilderness at the en' o't; but I ha'e resolved to do my best, hope for the best, and leave the rest to Him. I see plainly, hoosomever, that it will cost baith my Jean an' mysel' mony a severe pang tae leave this place, for a' we ha'e suffered wi't, as weel as to leave auld mither Scotland hersel'. We pretend to ane anither, an' tae ither folk, that we are takin' the thing lightly; but it's a' pretence. The real trath is, a strang luvie o' hame, an' a strang luvie o' auld Scotland (whare can we ever fin' anither land like it?), is wringin' the heart o' us baith, an', do what we will, we canna hide it muckle langer. Although she tries to hide it from me, I can easily see that her mind is far frae bein' at ease. I often hear a deep-drawn sigh, as she dresses an' waters her bits o' flowers—the only indulgence she alloos hersel'—an' I can see the silent tears streamin' doon her cheeks, as she turns ower an' pits by the bairns' bits o' duds an' ither little things that we maun tak' along wi' us. As for mysel', e'en sae far back as last winter, when I was plooin' the land—the last furrows I will ever turn ower on the farm o' Blink-Bonny—I thoct the grun' look'd mair free an' kinly than usual. I am sure the braid was greener, an' that the crap ripened better than e'er I saw it before. In the spring, as I thoct, the laverock sang mair cheerily, the mavis whistled louder, an' the notes o' the black-bird were mair deep an' sweet than ordinair; even the very sun seemed to shine brichter, an' to gi'e oot a greater heat than I ha'e kent him do for mony a year past. A' this sometimes raises a sort o' doot i' my mind, that I ha'e been surrounded wi' mae blessin's than I was sensible o', an' that it wad ha'e been far better for me had I resolved rather to 'rue sit than rue flit.'

But flit I maun noo; for I ha'e selled aff my crap an' bestial; ay, an' a sair heart it was to pairt wi' some o' them, in perteeclar, my trusty auld horse Bassy—a better ne'er louked through a brecham; but he has faun into the hand o' ane that kens his worth, an' will be kind to him, we'r't only for my sake, sae that is some comfort.

In a few days comes on the 'roup' o' our bits o' artikles o' plenishin'. Hoo we are to stan' that sair trial, God alone knows. To hear the stale jokes o' the antioneer, an' the coorse remarkin's o' a gapin', unfeelin' crowd, as this an' the ither artikle o' furniture is put up for sale, bits o' things that were ance the pride o' them that ha'e lang been laid i' the mools, bits o' things that we ha'e pinched oursel's o' the very necessars o' life to keep, an' whilk are endeared every ane by 'auld

langsyno' recollections, an' the pleasin' thoct that they were our ain—honestly our ain. Oh, could I afford it, I wad rather, a thousand times, see them brunt up stick an' stone where they stan', than see them torn oot o' their places, broken, trampit upon, kicked about. Yet a' this an' mair maun we dreed. I am maist ashamed to admit it; but the thoct o' partin' wi' my colley dog gi'es me nae little pain; him I canna sell, nor I winna sell. My faithfu', trusty Light-fit, he's been my constant companion at home an' afield for mony a day, an' had I the means, he wad be ta'en along wi' me. Some o' our neebors wad willin'ly tak' him hame, an' be kind to him for my sake; but I ken weel he'll bide wi' nane o' them. Puir beastie (my heart's quite grit whan I think o't), after he's litten oot sae sune as we are awa', I think I see him rinnin' first to his auld hame, then through ilka neuk an' corner o' the farm, then wi' his nose on the grun scourin' the kintra far an' wide, returnin' weary an' disjeskit, his e'e dull an' bluid-shot, an' his tail droopin', crawlin' up to the tap o' the knowe afore the door, an' there sittin' for hours howlin' an' greetin', an' leukin', wistfully about him, refusin' food, refusin' to be comforted; an', as gloamin' draws near, creepin' slowly doon to the hoose, lyin' doon an' doublin' himself up on the door-step; an' there, puir thing, he will likely breathe his last.

That we sud be laith to leave the place, is nae greatly to be wonder'd at; for on it I was born an' brocht up. On that green knowe, when a bairnie, I ha'e pu'd wild flow'rs, chased the butterflee, an' played wi' ithers at hound-and-hare; when a callant, hoo often ha'e I ranged along thae braes, an' speeld thae crags, searchin' for birds' nests, an' for hips, an' brumles, an' hazel-nits. On that brown, barren muir, when a lad, ha'e I wander'd an' rambled amang that heather, that I ha'e seen for the last time in the bell, tentin' the bestial, or for pleasure. Fare as I will, an' gang where I will, till the last hour o' my life will the hum o' the bumbees, as they float about amang the purple heather, the sonorous cry o' the miresnipe, an' the crow o' the mottled muircock, be soun's dear an' familiar to my ear.

Within tae auld wa's, whilk were they no lauden up in the strong arms o' the woodbine that surroun's them, scarcely ae stane o' them wad lie on anither, my faither was born, an' his faither afore him. Within thae auld wa's, the mither that tended my infant years, that never spak' an unkindly word to me, an' that wad ha'e keepit the win' frae blawin' on me if she could, drew

her last breath. Oot o' that auld biggin' was ta'en the mortal remains o' a faither that cared for me, toill'd for me, schuled me, an' taught me, baith by precept an' example, my duty to God an' man. Oot o' that door, too, I bore the dust o' my sweet, my darlin' Mary, my first-born an' best-beloved child. God help me! when thochts o' this kind rushes into my mind, I'm like to gang distractit. I see before us a sair trial in partin' wi' relations an' neebors; but this we maun face, the best way we can.

It is settled, that the last night we remain in the parish we are to stop i' the Manse, an' when there, we can step oot into the kirk-yard, where we ance thoct our ain banes wad ha'e been laid, and our ashes mingled wi' thae o' our forbears, but it seems otherwise ordered; a' we can do is to tak' a han'-fu' o' the yirth that covers their dust along wi' us—it will at a' times remind us o' our ain mortality—an' whan it comes to our turn to be laid 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,' it can be laid i' the coffin along wi' us—it is but 'dust to dust.' Ay, on the neist mornin' noo, it maun be, 'Farewell, for ever farewell to the land o' our birth!' It's past.—Jean is 'bearin' wonderfu' up. The gude auld minister's sayin' mony a kinly word. Blessin's on him, for them! Wherever I be, while He enables me to keep a hoose abune my heid, an' a morsel on my boord, a Scotchman will at a' times be welcome to the shelter o' the aye, an' a seat at the ither. Farewell, my native parish, an' the mony kinly hearts within your bounds! Farewell, the cauld unthankfu' farm o' Blink-Bonny! Wi' a' the ills aboot ye, the sun shines on nae spot o' yirth dearer to me than ye are. Farewell, frien's, neebors, acquaintances! may your 'lines be in pleasant places,' health an' happiness your lot; and God grant that ye may never for one hour experience the anguish that must for lang fill the bosom of the poor broken-hearted 'EMIGRANT.'

One little incident at the 'roup,' seeing it was incidentally alluded to in speaking of the ballad of the 'Lammiken,' we must make. While it was going on, 'wee Jeanie,' a bright-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked little lamb, as ever ca'd a man 'daddie,' had ensconced herself in the 'cradle' of the house, and no inducement or threat could get her to move from it. All in tears, she threw herself between it and the person seeking to 'haud it up' to the auctioneer. And at last a benevolent 'neebor' said they were to let 'it alane,' an' he 'wad pay its price.' So (for ours is a 'true story') it went over the Atlantic with 'THE EMIGRANT.'

NEWTON AND MILTON.—Has it been observed that Sir Isaac Newton's dying words, so often quoted,—

"I am but as a child gathering pebbles on the sea-shore, while the great ocean of truth still lies undiscovered before me,"

are merely an adaption of a passage in *Paradise Regained*, book iv.;

"Deep versed in books and shallow in himself, Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys

And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,  
As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

*Notes and Queries.*

ETERNAL LIFE.—In the *Mishna* (Berachoth, ch. ix. s. 5.) the doctrine of a future eternal state is clearly set forth in a passage which is rendered by De Sola and Raphall:

"But since the Epicureans perversely taught, there is but one state of existence, it was directed that men should close their benedictions with the form [Blessed be the Lord God of Israel] from eternity to eternity."

A like explicit declaration of such future state occurs again in the *Mishna* (Sanhedrin, ch. xi. s. 1.)—*Notes and Queries.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE QUIET HEART.

### PART I.—CHAPTER I.

"YE'LL no ken, Jenny, if Miss Menie's in?"

"And what for should I no ken?" exclaimed the hot and impatient Jenny Durwood, sole servant, house-keeper, and self-constituted guardian of Mrs. Laurie of Burnside, and her young fatherless daughter. "Do ye think any aae come or gangs in the house out of my knowledge? And where should Miss Menie be but in, sitting at her seam in the mistress's parlor, at this hour of the day?"

"I was meaning nae offence," said meek Nelly Pantan; "I'm sure ye ken, Jenny woman, I wouldna disturb the very cat by the fire if it was just me; but my mother, you see, has ta'en an ill turn, and there's nae peace wi' her, day or night, a' for naething but because she's anxious in her mind—and if you would just let me get a word of Miss Menie—"

"Am I hindering ye?" cried the indignant Jenny; "she's no ill to be seen in her wilful way, even on wandering about the garden, damp roads or dry; but for a' the whims I've kent in her head, ae time and anither, I never heard of her setting up for either skill or wisdom past the common. I reckon she never had a sair head hersel—what kind of a helper could she be to your mother? and if she's heard of a sair heart, that's a' the length her knowledge gangs—what good is Miss Menie to do to you?"

"I'm sure I'm no meaning ony ill," said Nelly disconsolately, sitting down on a wooden stool with passive resignation; "and it's aye kent of me that I never provokit anybody a' my born days. I'm just wanting to speak a word to the young lady, that's a'."

Now Nelly Pantan, meekly passive as she was, had an eminent gift in the way of provocation, and kept in a perpetual fever the warmer tempers in her neighborhood, Jenny, virtuously resolved to command herself, went out with sufficient abruptness to her kitchen door, to "suff," as she herself called it, her incipient passion away. The visitor took no notice of Jenny's withdrawal from the field. Slow pertinacity sure of ultimate success, calmed away all excitement from Nelly. She had taken her place with perfect composure, to wait, though it might be for hours, till the person she wished to see came to her call.

It was a day of early spring, and had rained plentifully in the morning. Light white clouds, tossed and blown about by a fantastic wind, threw their soft shadow on a clear deep sky of blue; and raindrops, glittering in the sunshine hung upon flowers and branches, and fell now then in a gleam from the shaken hedge or garden fruit-tree. The garden paths were wet—the road without had a flowing rivulet of accumulated rain, which almost made as much ringing with its hasty footsteps as did the burn itself under the little bridge which crossed the way—and the blue slated roof of this house of Burnside blazed like a slanted mirror in the eyes of the full sun.

Not the faintest shade of architectural pretensions dignified this house of Burnside. Four substantial walls of rough grey stone, a slated roof, with but one projecting attic window to break its slope—a door in the gable where one would least have expected a door to be—and windows breaking the wall just where the builder found it convenient that the wall should be broken. The house stood upon a little knoll, the ground on all sides sloping downward,—at one hand to the course of the burn—at the other, to the edge of the plantation which benevolently threw up a line of tall firs to screen its human neighbors from the unfriendly east. Close upon the very edge of the walls pressed the soft grass of the lawn; some spring flowers looked out from little bits of border soil here and there; and a fairy larch stood half way up the ascent on the sunniest side, shaking itself free of the encumbering rain with a pretty, coquettish grace, and throwing a glistering flash of little diamonds, now and then, as if in sport, over the fluttering hair and sunny face, which seem to have a natural sisterhood and companionship with the free and graceful tree.

Hair that was smoothly shaded this morning over the young, clear, youthful brow—the wind has found out scores of little curls hidden in the braids, and turns them out with a child's laughter, full of sweet triumph and delight—a face that looks up full and clearly to answer the brave smile upon the sky. Twenty years old, with warm blood flashing in her cheeks,



a fearless, innocent courage gleaming from her eyes, and never a cloud over her all her life long, aawesome such soft, white, rounded shadow as floats yonder in our sight over the undiscouraged heavens—for it is very true that neither headache nor heartache has yet been known to Menie Laurie by any surer knowledge than the hearing of the ear.

Maiden meditation—No: there is little of this in the stir of life that makes an unconscious atmosphere about her, here where she stands in the fearless safety of her natural home. Not that Menie is notably thoughtless either, or poor in the qualities of mind which produce thought—but her mind lies still, like a charmed sea under the sunshine. There has never a ship of hope gone down yet under those dazzling waters, never a storm arisen upon them to chafe the waves against the rocks; nothing but flecks of summer clouds, quiet shadows of summer nights, darkness all lit and glorified with mellow moonbeams—and how her heart would be if some strange ghost of tempest rose upon the sky, her heart neither knows nor fears.

The window is open behind you, Menie; Mrs. Laurie fears no draughts, and it is well; but our mother's patience, like other good things, has a limit, and having called you vainly three times over, she closes behind you this mode of return. No great matter. See what a little sparkling shower this poor brown-coated sparrow has shaken from the thorny branch he has just perched upon; and as your eyes wander in this direction, your ear becomes aware of a certain sound, a quick impatient breath sent hard through the expanded nostrils, which is the well-known token in the house of Burnside of Jenny's "fuff;" and straightway your eyes brighten, Menie Laurie—one could not have fancied it was possible a minute ago—and smiles half hidden break over all your face, flushing here and there in such a kindly suffusion of playfulness and mirth, that even Jenny herself is not angry when she sees how this fuff of hers makes excellent sport for you.

"What ails our Jenny now?" said Menie, turning the angle of the wall to enter by the kitchen door.

"Lassie, dinna drive folk doited," answered Jenny. "I'm thrang at my work—gang in yonder and speak to her yoursell."

Nelly Panton sits mournfully upon the wooden stool. If you take her own word for it, no one is more contemptuous of "fyking" and "making a wark" than Jenny of Burnside; but the kitchen—woe be to the hapless stranger who ventures to commend it!—is quite resplendent with brightness and good order. The fire, cheerfully burning in the grate, finds a whole array of brilliant surfaces to dance in, and dances to its heart's content. Glittering metal and earthenware, Jenny's looking-glasses at one side, and the dark polish of Jenny's oak table with its folding leaf at the other, line all the walls with warmth and light; and the fire, repulsed and defeated only by this one obstinately opaque body before it, besets the dark outline of Nelly Panton with a very tremble of eagerness, seeking in vain for something, if

it were but the pin of her shawl, or the lifting of her eye, to repeat its kindly glimmer in. There is no pin visible in Nelly's doleful shawl, so closely wrapped about her person, and Nelly's pensive glances seek the floor, and the light falls off from her figure foiled and baffled, finding nothing congenial there. Come you hither, Menie Laurie, that the friendly fire-side spirit may be consoled—playing in warm rays upon your hair, which the wind has blown about so pleasantly that the bright threads hang a hundred different ways, and catch a various glow of reflection in every curl—leaping up triumphantly under the raised lids of these sunny eyes—catching a little ring upon your finger, a little golden clasp at your white neck. No wonder Nelly draws her shawl closer, and turns her back upon the light, as she rises to speak to you.

"My mother's ill and anxious in her mind, Miss Menie; and no to say *that* its lane, but thrawn and perverse as onybody could conceive. I'm sure ye'll hear nae character of me in the haill countryside for anything but being as harmless a person as could gang about quiet wark in ony house; but she's ta'en a turn that she canna bide even me; and aye for ever, night and morning, keeping up a constant wark about her son. I like Johnnie weel enough myself—but what's the guid of seeking letters as long as we ken he's weel?—and that's what I'm aye saying, but she'll no hearken to me."

"Does Johnnie write so seldom? but I'm sure nothing ails him, or we should have heard," said Menie. "Tell her she's to keep up her heart—he'll do very well yonder. You should make her cheery, Nelly, now when you're at home the whole day."

"I do what I can, Miss Menie," said Nelly, shaking her head mournfully. "I tell her a lad's just as safe in the town as in the country, and that it's a real unbelieving-like thing to be aye groaning even on about Johnnie, and her has mair bairns. But someway she gets nae satisfaction, and I think she would be mair pleased if you could get a line from Mr. Randall saying when he saw him, and whether he's doing well or no, than a' the reason I could gie her if I was preaching frae this to Martinmas. I came away from my wark ance errant to bid ye. Will you ask Mr. Randall about Johnnie, Miss Menie, that I may get some peace with my mother?"

The breath comes quickly over Menie Laurie's lip—a little flutter of added colour—a momentary falling of the eyelids—a shy, conscious smile hovering about the mouth—and then Menie nods her head assentingly and says, "Yes, Nelly, I will."

"Yes, Nelly, I will," repeated Menie, after a little pause of blushing self-communion. "Tell her I'll come and let her hear as soon as there is any news; and say I think she should be cheery, Nelly, now she has you at home."

Making a meek inclination of her person, neither a bow nor a curtsy, but something halfway between them, in answer to this speech, Nelly goes away; and almost encountering her on her outward passage over the

threshold, enters Jenny fuffing at a furious rate, and casting her head up into the air with wrathful contempt, like some little shaggy Highland pony, whose pride has been wounded. For Jenny's wrath has nothing of the dignity conferred by superior stature or commanding person, and it is hard to restrain a smile at the vigour of her "fuff."

"Twenty years auld, and nae mair sense than that!—the lassie's daft! I would like to ken how it's possible for mortal woman to be cheery with Nelly Pantoun within half a mile of her! If they'llit to the Brigend at the next term, as they're aye threatening, I'll gi'e the mistress her leave mysel."

"I think I'll run away if you're aye so crabbed, Jenny," said her young mistress. "What has everybody done?"

"Everybody's done just a' the mischief they could do," said Jenny, pathetically: "there's no an article ever happens in this house that mightna be mended if some ither body had the guiding o't. There's a' the gangrels of the countryside coming and gaun with their stories—there's the mistress hersel, that might have mair sense, ta'en a cauld in her head, and a hoast fit to waken a' the toun, standing at the door hearing Bessy Edgar's clavers about a nowel wean—and there's yoursel the warst of a'. Do you think if onybody had ever askit me, that I would have gi'en my consent to let a lassie of your years plight her troth to a wandering lad away to seek his fortune, like Randall Home? But you'll never ken the guid friend you're lost in Jenny till the pair body's out of the gate and in her grave; and I wouldna say how soon that might be if there's nae end of on-gauns like this."

And with a loud long sigh Jenny sallied out through the paved passage, from which you could catch a gleam of sunshine playing in chequers on the strip of coloured matting and the margin of stones, to deliver just such another lecture to the mistress in the parlour.

While Menie stands alone, her head thrown forward a little, her hair playing lightly on her cheek, in a pause of pleasant fancy—yes, it is true, Menie is betrothed. Calm as her heart lies in her pure girl's breast, Menie has seen the sky flush out of its natural summer beauty with the warmer passionate hues of this new love; and many a tint of joyous changeable colour plays about the bright horizon of Menie's fancy, and throws a charm of speculation into the future, which never spectre has risen yet to obscure. It would need a sermon heavier than Jenny's to throw a single vapour of doubt or distrust upon Menie Laurie's quiet heart.

#### CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Laurie of Burnside sits alone in her sunny parlour. The fire in the grate, quite discountenanced and overborne by the light which pours in from the west window, keeps up a persevering crackle, intent to catch the ear, and keep itself in notice by that means if by no other. It is the only sound you can hear, except the hum of the eight-day clock in

the passage without, and Jenny's distant step upon the kitchen floor;—Menie is out again on some further explorations about the garden—Mrs. Laurie sits and works alone.

You might call the room a drawing-room if you were ambitiously disposed—it is only the parlour in Burnside; every piece of wood about it is dark with age and careful preservation;—rich ancient mahogany glimmering clear in the polish of many a year's labour—little tables with twisted spiral legs and fantastic ornaments almost as black as ebony—and here in the corner a fine old cabinet of oak, with its carved projections of flower and berry burnished bright and standing out in clear relief from the dark background. On the table lies some "fancy-work," which it irks the soul of Mrs. Laurie to see her daughter employed on; but what is to be done with Menie's fingers, when our mother feels the household necessities of sewing scarcely enough to supply herself?

Go lightly over the rich colors of this well-preserved carpet, which is older than yourself most probably, though it wears its age so well, and we can look out and see what lies beyond the Burnside garden before Mrs. Laurie is aware. The west window is all fringed and glittering with rain-drops lying lightly on the pale green buds of these honeysuckle boughs, and now and then one of them falls pattering down upon the grass like a sigh. Do not believe in it—it is but a mock of nature—the counterfeit wherewithal a light heart enhances to itself its own calm joy; for in reality and truth there is no such thing as sighing here.

Some thatched houses in a cluster, just where the green mossed-wall of the bridge breaks out of the shelter of these guarding fir-trees—one triumphant slated roof lifting itself a storey higher than the gossipry of those good neighbors who lay their brown heads together in a perpetual quiet discussion of what goes on below. The light lies quietly, half caressing, upon the thatched roofs, but gleams off the wet slates, and flashes from the tiles yonder, in a sudden glow. There are some loitering firs about, to thrust their outline on the enclosing sky, and a hazy background of bare trees fluttering and glistering in the light, all conscious of the new-budded leaves, which at this distance we cannot see. Beyond the Brigend your eye loses itself on a line of road travelling away towards the hills, with two heavy ash-trees holding their guant arms over it for a portal and gateway—on a level line of fields, broken hedges, scattered trees, with the blue tints of distance, and here and there the abrupt brown dash of a new-ploughed field to diversify the soft universal green—and on the hills themselves a bold semicircular sweep stealing off faintly to the sky on one hand—while at the other, Criffel, bluff and burly, elopes his great shoulder down upon the unseen sea.

Nearer at hand, the burn itself looks through the garden's thorny boundary with glints and sunny glances, interchanging merrily with Menie on the lawn, who pays its smiles with interest. This is almost all we have to look at from the west window of Burnside.

And now, if you turn within to our mother in her easy-chair. It is not quite what you call benign, this broad, full, well-developed brow; and the eyes under it so brown, and liquid, and dewy, one fancies they could flash with impatience now and then, and laugh out the warmest mirth, as well as smile that smile of kindness, which few eyes express so well; and it is best to say at the beginning that our mother is not benign, and that it is no abstract being of a superior class lifted on the height of patience, experience, and years, who sits before us in this cushioned chair, bending her brow a little over the letter in her hand. Sorrow and experience she has had in her day; but still our mother, with warm human hands, and breast as full of hope and energy as it was twenty years ago, takes a full grasp of life.

The linen she has been mending lies on the table beside her, more than half concealing Menie's lighter occupation; and, with her elbow leant upon it, Mrs. Laurie holds a letter with a half-puzzle of amusement, a half-abstraction of thought. Strangely adverse to all her moods and habits is the proposal it makes, yet Mrs. Laurie lingers over it, hesitates, almost thinks she will accept. Such a multitude of things are possible to be done when one does them "for Menie's sake."

For Menie's sake—but, in the mean time, it is best that Menie should be called in to share the deliberation; and here she comes accordingly, with such an odor of fresh air about her as makes the parlor fragrant. Menie has a restless way of wandering about on sunny afternoons; there is something in her that will not compose into quietness; and very poor speed, when it is sunshine, comes Menie's "fancy-work;" so there is nothing more common than this fragrance of fresh air in the parlor when Menie's presence is needed there.

"Your father's aunt has written me a letter. I want your wisest thought about it. Read it, Menie," said Mrs. Laurie, leaning back in her chair, with an air of exhaustion. Menie read—

"MY DEAR MRS. LAURIE,—I find I really have forgotten your Christian name; and whether I have quite a right to call you my dear niece, or whether you might not think it an uncalled-for thing in me who have not the privilege of years, or if, one way or another, you would be pleased, I cannot tell, having so little acquaintance with your mental habits or ways of thinking. Indeed, I confess I had nearly forgotten, my dear, that John Laurie had a wife and little girl in Kirklands still, till just a chance recalled it to me: and I really have no means of finding out whether I should condole with you for living so much out of the world, or wish you joy of a pretty little house like Burnside, with its nice neighborhood and good air. I am sometimes a little dull myself; living alone; and as I have positively made up my mind never to marry, and am so particular in my society that I never have above half-a-dozen friends whom I care to visit, it has occurred to me, since you were recalled to my recollection, that we might do

worse than join our incomes together, and live as one household. I have pretty reception-rooms in my house, and a sleeping room more than I need—a very good apartment; and the advantage of being near London is very great for a little girl, for masters and all that; besides that, I flatter myself the attention I should make a point of paying her would be of great importance to your child; and out of what we could put together of our joint savings, we might make a very pretty marriage-portion for her when her time comes; for I have no other relations, as I fancy you know, and have very decidedly made up my mind, whatever persecution I may be exposed to on the subject, never to marry. I have one tolerably good servant, who is my own maid, and another very bad one, who has charge of all the household matters: the grief and annoyance this woman is to me are beyond description; and if you should happen to have an attached and faithful person in your house bring her with you;—of course you will require an attendant of your own.

"I shall be glad to have a letter from you soon letting me know what you will do. You would have a cheerful life with me I think. I am myself a person of uncommonly lively disposition, though I have known so many of the more refined sorrows of life; and the freshness of youth is a delightful study. I feel I shall grow quite a child in sympathy with your little girl. Pray come—Hampstead is a delightful locality; so near London, too, and within reach of society so very excellent—and I am sure you would find the change greatly for your daughter's good.

"With much regard and kind feeling to both her and you, I am affectionately yours,

"ANNIE LAURIE."

"To Hampstead! to London!" Menie says nothing more, but her eyes shine upon her mother's with a restless glow of appeal. London holds many a wonder to the young curious heart which yet knows nothing of the world, and London holds Randall Home.

"You would like to go, Menie? But how we should like this aunt of yours is a different story," said Mrs. Laurie; "and for my part, I am very well content with Burnside."

"It is true she calls me a little girl," said Menie, turning to her own particular grievance; "but I should think she means everything very kindly for all that."

"Fantastic old wife!" said Mrs. Laurie, with a little impatient derision, not unlike Jenny's fuff. "She was older than your father, Menie—a woman near sixty I'll warrant; and she has made up her mind never to marry—did ever anybody hear the like? But you need not look so disappointed either. Put away the letter—we'll take a night's rest on it, and then we'll decide."

But Menie read it over once more before she laid it aside, and Menie betrayed her anxiety about the decision in a hundred questions which her mother could not answer. Mrs. Laurie had only once been in London, and could tell nothing of Hampstead, the only reminiscence re-

maining with her being of a verdant stretch of turf, all dinted over with little mounds and hollows rich in green fern and furze, which the benighted natives called a heath. Born within sight of Lochar Moss, Mrs. Laurie laughed the pretensions of this metropolitan heath to scorn.

#### CHAPTER III.

The wind sweeps freshly down from among the hills, a busy knave, drying up the gleaming pools along the road as he hurries forward for a moment's pause and boisterous gossip with these two ash-trees. Very solemn and abstracted as they stand, these elders of the wood, looking as if session or synod were the least convention they could stoop to, it is wonderful how tolerant they are of every breath of gossip, and with what ready interest they rustle over all their twigs to see a new unwonted stranger face pass under them. Menie Laurie, pausing to look up through the hoar branches to the full blue sky, is too well-known and familiar to receive more than the friendly wave of recognition accorded to every cottar neighbor nigh.

And clear and fresh as your own life, Menie, is the blue, bright sky which stoops above you. White clouds, all streaked and broken, fly over it at a headlong pace, now and then throwing from their hasty hands a sprinkling of rain that flashes in the sunshine. April is on the fields, moving in that quiet stir with which you can hear the young corn-blades rustle, as they strike through the softened soil. April sits throned upon the hills, weeping as she smiles in the blue distance, and trying on her veil of misty sunshine after a hundred fantastic fashions, like a spoilt child; and April, Menie Laurie—April, restless, fearless, springing forward on the future, gladdening all this bright to-day with a breath of rippling sweet commotion, which dimples all the surface over but never disturbs the deeper waters at their fountain-head—is in your youthful heart.

Hurrying to many a bright conclusion are the speculations that possess it now—not extremely reasonable or owning any curb of logic—not even very consequent, full of joyous irrelevancies—digressions at which yourself would laugh aloud if this running stream of fancy were but audible and expressed—notwithstanding, full of pleasure, and keeping time with their rapid pace to the flying progress of the clouds.

And the road glides away merrily under these straying footsteps; now hastening, now loitering, as the momentary mood suggests. Old hawthorns, doddered and crabbed, stand here and there forlorn upon the edges of the way; and where the hedge is younger and less broken, there are warm banks of turf, and clear bits of gleaming water, which it would be an insult to call ditches, looking up through tangled grass, and a wilderness of delicate stem and leaf, half weeds, half flowers; but now we have a stile to cross, mounting up from the high-road; and now it is a sunny hill-side path, narrow and hemmed in between a low stone-wall, from which all manner of mosses and tufts of wav-

ing herbage have taken away the rudeness, and a field of young green corn: innocent enough just now are these soft plants low upon the fragrant soil in the blade; but you shall see how the bearded spikes will push you to the wall, and the red poppies mock you, lying safe under the shelter of the tall corn-forest, if you try to pass in September where you can pass so easily in Spring.

A soft incline, at first sloping smoothly under the full sunshine—by-and-by more rugged and broken, with something that looks half like the ancient channel of a hill-spring, breaking all the soft pasture-grass into a rough projecting outline like a miniature coast—and now a low hedge rough with thorns and brambles, instead of the dyke; for, after all, this is no gentle southland hill, but one of the warders of the Scottish Border, waving his plumed cap proudly in the fresh spring air, as he looks over the low-lying debatable moors on the other side, and defies the fells of Cumberland. If this were June, as it is April, you would see foliage clustering richly about the bold brow which he lifts to the clouds; just now the branches hang down, like long light brown ringlets, half unravelled with the spring rain and morning dew, and droop upon his falling shoulders as low as this green nest here, so sheltered and solitary, which he holds in his expanded arms.

It is no easy task to come at the state entrance and principal gate of the farmhouse of Crofthill. But now that you have caught sight of its white walls and slated roof, hold on stoutly—fear no gap in the hedge, no rude stone-stair projecting out of the grey limestone dyke—and two or three leaps and stumbles will bring you to the mossy paling, and to some possible entrance-door. If there is no one about—a very improbable circumstance, seeing that some curious eye at a window must have ere now found out a passenger on the ascent, or some quick ear heard the dry hedge-row branches crash under the coming foot—it is impossible to describe the strange feeling of isolation which falls upon you, here at the door of as friendly a little home as is on all the Border. At your right hand those warder hills, in many a diverse tint of long-worn livery, hold the vigilant line as far as Criffel, whose post is on the sea; on the other side they disappear like a file of grey-headed marshal-men, into the cloudy distance; underneath, remote, and still, breaking softly into the fresh daylight, mapped out with gleaming burns and long lines of winding road, lies the level country we have left; and Burnside yonder, with its thin silvery glimmer of attendant water, its dark background of trees, and the Brigend hamlet of which it is patrician and superior, lies quiet and silent under the full sun.

The farmhouse of Crofthill is but two storeys high and, with a strange triangular slope of garden before it, fronts sideways, indifferent to the landscape, though there is one glorious gable-window which makes amends. Menie Laurie, bound for the Crofthill farmhouse, knows the view so well that she does not pause for even a momentary glance, but, lightly step-



ping over the last stile, is ready to meet this welcoming figure which already calls to her, running down the garden to the little mossy wicket in the paling of the lower end.

"July! July! you might have come to meet me," said Menie. The air is so quiet that her soft girl's voice rings over all the hill.

July—but you must not look for anything like the gorgeous summer month, in this little timid slight figure running down the sloping way, with her light brown hair so soft and silky that it is almost impossible to retain it in braid or curl, floating on the air behind her, and her gentle pale face faintly glowing with a little flush of pleasure. If there had been anything symbolic in the name, they had better called her February, this poor little July Home; but there is nothing symbolic in the name; only John Home of Crofthill, many a long year ago, had the hap to find somewhere, and bring triumphantly to his house on the hill, a pretty little sentimental wife, with some real refinement in her soft nature, and a good deal of the fantastic girl-romance, which passes muster for it among the unlearned. Mrs. Home, who called her son Randall, called her little daughter Julia—Mrs. Home's husband, who knew of nothing better than Johns and Janets, being quiescent, and kindly submissive. But by-and-by, gentle Mrs. Home drooped like the pale little flower she was, and fell with the cold spring showers into her grave. Then came big Miss Janet Home from Mid-Lothian, where she had spent her younger days, to be mistress of her brother's southland farm; and Miss Janet's one name for the flush of summer, and for her brother's little motherless petted girl, was July; so July came to be the child's acknowledged name.

But July springs half into Menie Laurie's arms, and they go up through the garden together, to where Miss Janet stands waiting on the threshold. In simple stature, Miss Janet would make two of her little niece; and though there is no other superfluous bulk about her, her strong and massive framework would not misbecome a man; though a verier woman's heart never beat within the daintiest bodice, than this one which sometimes "thuds" rather tumultuously, under the large printed dark cotton gown of Miss Jannet Home.

"Eh, bairn, I'm glad to see you," said Miss Janet, holding in her own large brown hand the soft fingers of Menie. "Come in-by, and get yourself rested. You see there's a letter from Randy this morning—"

With many a fit of indignation had Menie resented this Randy, which contracted so unceremoniously her hero's name; but the penitent Miss Janet perpetually forgot, and immediately attributed the little cloud on her favourite's brow to some jealousy of this same letter of Randy's—and pique that it should come to Randy's humble home instead of to his lady-love.

"I'm aye sae uplifted about a letter," continued Miss Janet, as she led her visitor in, "though you that gets them every day mayna think—Eh, Miss Menie, my dear! I mind noo it's a me; but you need na gloom at what was

just a forget. I'll never ca' him Randy again; but, you see, I mind him so weel in his wee coatie—a bit smout of a bairn."

This did not exactly mend matters; but Menie had taken off her bonnet by this time and found her usual seat in the dim farm parlour, with its small windows and low-roofed green-stained walls. It was one of the articles of Miss Janet's creed, that blinds looked well from without; so, although there could never a mortal look in through the thick panes to spy the household economies of Crofthill, only one narrow strip of the unveiled casement appeared between the little muslin curtain and the blind. The gable window, commanding as it did half the level country of Dumfriesshire, was less protected; but the front one cast a positive shadow upon the dark thrifty coloured carpet, the hair-cloth chairs, the mahogany table with its sombre cover, and gave to the room such an atmosphere of shrouded shadowed quiet, that the little bouquet of daffodils and wallflowers on the side table hung their heads with languid melancholy, and an unaccustomed spectator scarcely ventured with more than a whisper to break the calm.

But Menie Laurie was not unaccustomed, and knew very well where was the brightest corner, nor had much hesitation in drawing up the blind. But Menie had grown very busy with the "fancy" work she had brought with her, when Miss Janet approached with Randall's letter in her hand. Scandal said that Menie Laurie's pretty fingers were never so industrious at home as they found it agreeable to be abroad, and Menie was coy and occupied, and put Randall's letter aside.

"My dear, if you're busy I'll read it to you, myself," said Miss Janet, who had no appreciation of coyness, "and you can tell your father, July, that Miss Menie's come, and that the tea's just ready; and ye can gi'e a look ben to the kitchen as you're passing, and see that Tibbie's no forgetting the time; and now gang about quiet, like a good bairn, and dinna disturb me. I'm gaun to read the letter."

And Miss Janet smoothed down her apron, to lay this prized epistle safely on her knee, and wiped her glasses with affectionate eagerness. "My dear, I'm no a grand reader of Randall's write myself," said Miss Janet, clearing her voice, "and he's getting an awfu' crabbed hand, as you ken; but I've good will, and you'll just put up with me."

It would have been hard for any one gifted with a heart to fail of putting up with Miss Janet as she conned her nephew's letter. True, she had to pause now and then for a word—true, that she did not much assist Randall's punctuation; but it was worth even a better letter than Randall's to see the absorbed face, the affectionate care upon her brow, the anxiety that pondered over all these crabbed corners, and would not lose a word. Menie Laurie had soul enough not to be impatient—even to look up at the abstracted Miss Janet with a little dew in her eye, though her process of reading was very slow.

But now came Tibbie, the household servant



of Crofthill, with the tea; and now a little stir in the passage intimated that the maister, fresh from his hillside fields, was hanging up his broad-brimmed hat in the passage. Miss Janet seated herself at the tray—Menie drew her chair away from the window, and a little nearer to the table, and, heralded by July, who came in again like a quiet shadow, her little pale face appearing in the midst of a stream of soft hair once more blown out of its fastenings by the wind—John Home of Crofthill made his appearance, stooping under his low parlour-door.

And perhaps it was these low portals which gave to the lofty figure of the hillside farmer its habitual stoop; but John Home might have been a moss trooping chieftain for his strength—a baron of romance, for the unconscious dignity and even grace of his bearing. He was older than you would have expected July's father to be, and had a magnificent mass of white hair, towering into a natural crest of curls over his forehead. The eyes were blue, something cold by natural colour, but warm and kindly in their shining—the face full of shrewd intelligence, humour, and good judgment. He had been nothing all his life but the farmer of Crofthill—and Crofthill was anything but a considerable farm; nevertheless John Home stood in the countryside distinct as his own hill—and not unlike. A genius son does not fall to the lot of every southland farmer, and Randall's aspirations had elevated, unawares, the whole tone of the family. Randall's engagement, too, and the magic which made Mrs. Laurie of Burnside's young lady-daughter, and not any farmhouse beauty near, so kindly and intimate a visitor in Crofthill, was not without its additional influence; but the house lost nothing of its perfectly unpretending simplicity in the higher aims to which it unconsciously opened its breast.

"And what is this I hear, of going to London?" said John Home, as he took his seat at table. Self-respect hinders familiarity—the good farmer did not like to call his daughter-in-law elect by her own simple Christian name; so half in joke, and half to cover the shy, constitutional hesitation, of which even age had not recovered him, Menie bore in Crofthill, in contrast with the other name of July habitual there, the pretty nick-name of May—"Is it true that Burnside is to flit bodily, as July says? I ken aye that will like the change; but I must say that I ken some more, that will not be quite so thankful."

"Ye may say that John," said Miss Janet, with a sigh; "I'm sure, for his ain part, Miss Menie, he'll no think the place is like itsel, and you away; for if ever I saw a man!"

"Whisht!" said Crofthill hurriedly. The good man did not like his partiality spoken of in presence of its object. "But I would like to hear when this terrible flitting is to be."

"My mother has not made up her mind yet," said Menie. "It was yesterday the letter came, and I left her still as undecided as ever; for she is only half inclined to go, Mr. Home; and as for Jenny!"

"It will be worth while to hear what Jenny says of London," said John Home with a smile; "but the countryside will gather a cloud when we think May's gone from Burnside. Well, July, speak out, woman; what is't your whispering now?"

"I was saying that Randall would be glad," said July softly. July had a fashion of whispering her share of the conversation to her next neighbour, to be repeated for the general benefit.

"Eh, puir laddie!" exclaimed Miss Janet, with glistening eye. "I could find it in my heart to be glad too, Miss Menie, though we are to lose you, for his sake. I think I see the glint in his eye when he hears the good news."

And Miss Janet's own eyes shone with loving, unselfish sympathy, as she repeated, "Randy, puir callant! and no a creature heeding about him, mair than he was a common young man, in a' yon muckle town!"

"We'll let Randall say his pleasure himsel," said his father, who was more delicately careful of embarrassing Menie than either sister or daughter—perhaps more, indeed, than the occasion required, "For my part, I'm no glad, and never would pretend to be; and if Mrs. Laurie makes up her mind to stay!"

"What then?" said Menie, looking up quickly, with a flush of displeasure.

"I'll say she's a very sensible woman," said the farmer. "Ay, May, my lassie, truly will I, for a' that bonnie gloom of yours—or whatever my son Randall may have to say."

#### CHAPTER IV.

"I've been hearing something from Miss Menie, mem," said Jenny, entering the parlor of Burnside with a determined air, and planting herself firmly behind the door. Jenny was very short, very much of one thickness, from the shoulders to the edge of the full round skirts under which pattered her hasty feet—and had a slight deformity, variously estimated by herself and her rustic equals according to the humour of the moment—being no more than "a high shoulder" in Jenny's sunshiny weather, but reaching the length of a desperate "thraw" when Jenny's temper had come to be as "thrawn" as her frame. A full circle, buncy, substantial, and comfortable, were Jenny's woollen skirts, striped in cheerful colors; and you had no warrant for supposing that any slovenly, superfluous bulk increased the natural dimensions of the round, considerable waist, or stiff, well-tightened boddick, of which Jenny's clean short-gown and firmly tied apron strings defined the shape so well. Very scanty was Jenny's hair, and very little of it appeared under her white muslin cap; and Jenny's complexion was nothing to boast of, though some withered bloom remained upon her cheeks. Her lips closed upon each other firmly; her brow was marked with sundry horizontal lines, which it was by no means difficult to deepen into a frown; and Jenny's eyes, grey, keen, and active, were at this present

moment set in fierce steadiness and gravity; while the little snort of her "fuff," and the little nod of her cap, with its full, well-ironed borders, gave timely intimation of the mood in which Jenny came.

"Yes, Jenny," said Mrs. Laurie, laying down her work on her knee, and sitting back into her chair. Mrs. Laurie knew the signs and premonitions well, and lost no time in setting her back against the rock, and taking up her weapons of defence.

"I say I've been hearing something from Miss Menie, mem," repeated Jenny still more emphatically; "things have come a gey length, to my puir thought, when it's the youngest of the house that brings word of a great change to me!—and I'm thinking the best thing we can do is to part friends as lang as we can keep up decent appearances; so maybe ye'll take the trouble, mem, if it's no owre muckle freedom of me asking you, to look out for a new lass afore the term."

"Indeed, Jenny, I'll do no such thing," said Mrs. Laurie quietly. Jenny heeded not, but went on with a little nervous motion of her head, half-shake, half-nod, and many a snort and half-drawn breath interposed between them.

"There's been waur folk than Jenny, serving in this house, I reckon. I've kent women mysel that did less wark with mair slaistry—and aye as muckle concerned for the credit of the house; but I'm no gaun to sound my ain praise; and I would like to ken whether I'm to be held to the six months' warning, or if I may put up my kist and make my fitting like other folk at the term?"

"You can make your fitting, Jenny, when we make ours; that is soon enough, surely," said Mrs. Laurie with a half-smile. Jenny had not roused her mistress yet to anything but defence, so with a louder fuff than ever she rushed to the attack again.

"For a smooth-spoken lass—believe hersel, she wouldna raise the stour without pardon craved—I would recommend Nelly Panton. There's no muckle love lost between her and me—but she'll say ony ill of Jenny—and aye have a curtsy ready for a lady's ca', and her een on the grund, and neither mind nor heart o' her ain, if the mistress says no. Na, I wouldna say but Nelly Panton's the very aye to answer, for she'll never take twa thoughts of casting off father and mother, kin and country, whenever ye like to bid—though ye'll mind, mem, it's for sake of the wage, and no for sake of ye."

"Dear me, Jenny," said Mrs. Laurie impatiently, "when did I ask for such a sacrifice? What makes ye such a crabbed body, woman? Did I ever bid a servant of mine give up father or mother for me? You have been about Burnside ten years now, Jenny—when did you know me do onything like that?"

"A lady mayna mean ony ill—I'm no saying 't," said Jenny; "but ane may make a bonnie lock of mischief without kenning. I've been ten years about Burnside—ay, and mair siller!—and to think the mistress should be laying her odds and ends together—a woman at her

time of life—to flit away to a strange country, and never letting on a word to Jenny, till the pair body's either forced into a ship upon the sea, or thrown on the cauld world, to find her drap parritch at ony doorstep where there's charity! Eh, sirs, what's the favor of this world to trust to! But I'm no gaun to break my heart about it, for Jenny has twa guid hands of her ain—nae thanks to some folk—to make her bread by yet."

"Jenny's an unreasonable body," said her mistress, with half-amused annoyance; "and if you were not spoken to before, it was just because my mind was unsettled, and its only since yesterday I have thought of it at all. If I make up my mind to go, it's for anything but pleasure to myself—so you have no occasion to upbraid me, Jenny, for doing this at my time of life."

"Me!" exclaimed Jenny, lifting her hands in appeal, "me upbraid the mistress! Eh, sirs, the like of that! But, mem, will you tell me, if it's no for your ain pleasure, you that's an independent lady, what for would you leave Burnside?"

Mrs. Laurie hesitated; but Mrs. Laurie knew very well that nothing could be more unprofitable than any resentment of Jenny's fuff—and her own transitory displeasure had already died away.

"You may say we're independent at the present time," she said with a little sigh; "but did it never occur to you, Jenny—if anything happened to me—my poor lassie!—what's to become of Menie then?"

"Havers!" cried Jenny loudly. "I mean—I ask your pardon—but what's gaun to happen to you this twenty years and mair?"

"Twenty years is a lifetime of itself," said her mistress; "it might not be twenty days nor twenty hours. The like of us have no right to reckon our time."

"It's time for me to buckle my shoon to my feet, and my cloak to my shouthers, if you're thinking upon your call," said Jenny. "But, no to be ill-mannered, putting my forbears in ae word with yours, we're baith come of a lang-lived race—and you're just in your prime, as weel as ever ye was; and 'deed, I canna think it onything but a reflection upon myself, that maybe might get to the kirk mair constant if I was to try, when I hear ye speaking like that to puir auld wizened Jenny, that's six and fifty guid, no to speak of the thrav she's had a' her days."

And a single hot tear of petulant distress fell upon Jenny's arm.

"Well, Jenny," said Mrs. Laurie, "one thing we'll agree in, I know—you could not wish so ill a wish to Menie, poor thing, as that she might leave this world before her mother. You would think it in the course of nature, that Menie should see both you and me in our graves. Now, if I was taken away next week, or next year—what is my poor bairn to do?"

And Jenny vainly fuffed to conceal the little fit of sobbing which this idea brought upon her. "Do! she'll be married upon her ain gudeman lang years afore that time comes: and Randall

Home's a decent lad, though I'll no say he would have just taken *my* fancy, if onybody had askit me; and she'll hae a hunder pound or twa to keep her pocket, of what you're aye saving for her; and I have twa-three bawbees laid up in the bank mysel."

"Ay, Jenny, so have I," said her mistress; "but two or three hundred pounds is a poor provision for a young friendless thing like Menie; and I have nothing but a liferent in Burnside; and my annuity, you know, ends with me. No doubt there's Randall Home to take into consideration; but the two of them are very young, Jenny, and many a thing may come in the way. I would like Menie to have something else to depend on than Randall Home."

"Bless me, mem, ye've a mote in yer een the day," said Jenny impatiently. "What's the puir callant dune now? They tell me he's as weel-doing a lad as can be, and what would onybody have mair?"

"Hush, Jenny," said Mrs. Laurie, "and hear me to an end. This lady has a better income than I have, and she says we may lay our savings together for Menie—a very good offer; and Menie can get better education, whatever may happen to her; and we can see with our own eyes how Randall Home is coming on in the world; for you see, Jenny, I have a kind of right to be selfish on Menie's account. I've tried poverty myself in my day; and Menie is my only bairn."

The tears came into the mother's eyes. Menie had not always been her only bairn; and visions of a bold brother, two years older than her little girl, and natural protector and champion of Menie, flashed up before her in the bright air of this home room, where ten years ago her first-born paled and sickened to his early death.

"I wadna gang—no a fit," exclaimed Jenny, breaking into a little passion of anger and tears. "Wha's trusting in Providence now—wha's leaving the aye out of the question that has a' in his hands—and making plans like as if He didna remain when we were a' away? I didna think there had been sae little mense—I couldna have believed there was sae little grace in a house like this—and I wadna gang a fit—no me—as if I thought Providence was owre puir an inheritance for the bairn!"

And Jenny hurried away to her kitchen, to expend both tears and anger; but Jenny's opposition to the London "fitting," in spite of her indignant protest, died from that hour.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE sun is dipping low into the burning sea far away, which Criffel's envious shoulder hides from us; and the last sheaf of rays, like a handful of golden arrows, strike down into the plain, grazing this same strong shoulder with ineffeetual fire as they pass. Touches as of rosy fingers are on all the clouds, and here and there one hangs upon the sky in an ecstasy, suspended not upon the common air, but on some special atmosphere of light. The long attendant shadows have faded from the trees, the

roadside pools have lost their brilliant glimmer, and a wakeful whispering hush about the hedgerows and old hawthorns stir all those curious budded watchers, to hear the slow lounging steps of rustic laborers on the road, and wait for the delicate gleam out of the east which shall herald the new-risen moon.

And light are your home-going steps, May Marion, upon this quiet road, which breathes out fresh evening odours from all its dewy neighbour fields—not slow, but lingering—arrested by a hundred fanciful delays. Before you is no great range of prospect—the two ash-trees, holding up their united arms, very much as the children of the Brigend, playing under them, hold up *their* small clasped hands arched over the merry troop who are rushing yonder "through the needle e'e"—the hamlet's meditative houses, standing about the road here and there, in the pleasant vacancy of the slow-falling gloaming—the burn rumbling drowsily under the bridge—the kye coming home along the further way—and farthest off of all, the grave plantation firs, making a dark background for your own pleasant home. The purple shadows are fading into palmer grey upon the hills behind, and the hills themselves you could almost fancy contract their circle, and grasp each other's hands in closer rank, with a manful tenderness for this still country, child-like and unfearing, which by-and-by will fall asleep at their feet. Your heart scarcely sings in the hush, though you carry it so lightly; its day's song is over, Menie Laurie—and the quiet heart comes down with a little flutter of sweet thought into the calm of its kindly nest.

The light is fading when Menie reaches the Brigend; and by the door of one of the cottages, Nelly Panton, in her close bonnet and humble enveloping shawl, stands beside the stone seat on which an older woman, who holds her head away with pertinacity, has seated herself to rest.

"She'll no take heart whatever I can do," says the slow steady voice of Nelly, from which the elastic evening air seems to droop away, throwing it down heavily upon the darkening earth. "I'm sure I couldna say mair, auntie, nor do mair to please her than I aye try, in my quiet way; but morning and night she murns after Johnnie, making nae mair account of me than if I were a stranger in the house. And what should auld Johnnie?—for I dinna ken what would come of folk in our condition if we were aye write-writing from ae hand to anither, like them that have naething else to do. If anything was wrang, we would hear fast enough. I'm saying, mother!"

"If you would but let me be!" groaned the older woman; "I'm no complaining to you. If I *am* anxious in my mind, I'm no wanting to publish't afore a' the parish. I'm meaning nae offence to you, Marget—but I think this lassie's tongue will drive me out of my wits."

"That's just her way," said Nelly with mournful complacency. "Instead of taking it kind when I try to ease her, ye would think I was doing somebody an injury; and I'm sure it's a fashious temper, indeed, that canna put

up with me—for I've aye been counted as quiet a lass as there is in the haill countryside, and never did ill to onybody a' my days. From morning till night I'm aye doing my endeavour to get comfort to her—hearing of the lads that have done weel in London, and aye standing up for Johnnie that he's no so ill as he's ca'ed, though he mayna write as often as some do; and just yesterday I gaed mysel to Burnside, a guid mile of gate from our house, to ask Miss Menie Laurie to write to Randall Home for word about Johnnie,—and I sure what ony mortal could do mair, I canna tell."

"What business has Miss Menie Laurie, or Randall Home either, with my trouble?" exclaimed the mother indignantly. "Am I no to daur shed a tear in my ain house, but a' the toun's to hear o't? Yes, Miss Menie, I see it's you, but I canna help it. I'm no meaning disrespect either to you or ony of your friends; but naeboddy could thole to have their private thoughts turned out for a' the world to see—and she'll put me daft if she gets encouragement to gang on at this rate."

"Must I not ask about Johnnie, Mrs. Lithgow?" said Menie; "Nelly said it would comfort you."

"Nelly's aye saying something to aggravate a pair woman out of both life and patience," said Nelly's mother; "and he's just her half-brother, you see, and she hasna the interest in him she might have. I'm sure I canna tell how she came to be a daughter of mine," continued the poor woman, rising and turning away to address herself, rapidly and low, to Menie's particular ear. "I would do mony a thing afore I would have my ain troubled thoughts, or so muckle as a breath on Johnnie's credit, kent in the countryside; and I'm no so anxious—no near so anxious as that cuttle says; but Miss Menie, you're an innocent lassie—I'll trust you. I have a tremble in my heart for my young son, away yonder his lane. No that Johnnie has ony ill ways—far from that—and a better son to his mother never was the world owre; but an innocent thing like you disna ken how a pair laddie's tempted—and there's no a creature near hand to mind him of his duty, and naething but a wheen careless English that disna ken our kirk nor our ways, at every side of him—and I charged him he was to gang to nae kirk but our ain. I'm sure I dinna ken—whiles things folk mean for guid counsel turn out snares—and I'm sair bewildered in my mind. If you'll just write, Miss Menie—just

like as it was out of your ain head, and bid the young gentleman—I hear he's turned a grand scholar, and awfu' clever—take the pains to ask how Johnnie's winning on—but no to say you have heard ony ill of him. I wouldna have him think his mother was doubtful of him, no for a' Kirkland's parish—and he's aye in the office of that muckle paper that a'boddy's heard about—at least as far as I ken. Eh, Miss Menie, it's a sair thing to have so many weary miles of land and water, and sae muckle uncertainty between ane's ain heart, and them ane likes best."

With gravity and concern Menie received this confidence, and gave her promise; but Menie did not know how "sair" and terrible this uncertainty was—could not comprehend the wavering paleness of terror, the sickly gleams of anxiety which shot over the poor mother's face—and a wistful murmur of inquiry, a pity which was almost awe, were all the echoes this voice of real human suffering awoke in Menie's quiet heart.

And when she had soothed, and comforted, and promised, this gentle heart went on its way—its flutter of sweet thoughts subdued, but only into a fresh reposing calm, like the stillness all bedewed and starry which gathered on the dim home-country round. Wisdom of the world—Experience chill and sober—Knowledge of human kind—grim sisterhood, avoid your twilight way—and by yourself all fearless and undaunted, hoping all things, believing all things, thinking no evil, you are brave enough to go forth, Menie Laurie, upon the world without a tremble; by-and-by will come the time to go forth—and heaven send the lion to guard this quiet heart upon its way.

In her own chamber, when the night had fully fallen, Menie wrote her letter. Many a mile of land and water, many a new-developed thought on one side, lay between Menie Laurie and Randall Home; but uncertainty had never sickened the blithe child's hope within her; an ample country, full of mountain-peaks and rocks of danger—burning with hidden breaks of desert, with wells of Marah treacherous and insecure, was the soul which fate had linked so early to Menie Laurie's soul. She knew the sunny plains that were in it—the mounts of vision, the glens of dreamy sweet romance; but all besides, and all that lay deepest in her own unexplored mind, remained to be discovered. But what she did not know she could not fear.

**HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY COMPATIBLE WITH SALVATION.**—"Excepting the case of persecution, a good man may be very rich and honorable, and enjoy all the delights and pleasures of this life, as much as it becomes a man to enjoy them. For the world was made to be enjoyed; and a good man who observes the rules of virtue, may enjoy this world as far as God made it to be enjoyed; and therefore may be as happy as this world was intended to make him.

Which is very fit to be observed, to prevent any unreasonable prejudices against the laws of our Saviour, as if we could not save our souls without renouncing all the ease and pleasures and comforts of this life; whereas, in ordinary cases, we may enjoy all the happiness this world was made for, and all the happiness which we were made to enjoy in this world, and go to Heaven when we die."—DEAN SHERLOCK, *Of the Immortality of the Soul*, p. 574.

From the Economist, 11 March.

### WAR ON ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES.

It is natural that, at the commencement of a new war, we should look back with some anxiety to see what the last war cost us. And truly, if the contest which this country waged from 1793 to 1815 were to afford any precedent for the expenses of that on which we are now entering, there would be ground enough for sinister foreboding. A few facts showing what the late war actually cost us, and a few remarks explaining how entirely different were circumstances then from circumstances now, may be both instructive and reassuring.

In round numbers, the struggle of twenty-three years' duration which we carried on first against the French Republic and then against the French Empire, raised our national debt 585 millions sterling. The debt was £231,000,000 in 1792, and £816,000,000 in 1815. The revenue rose during the same period from £19,000,000 to £72,000,000. The revenue, independent of the interest and charges of the debt, was before the war only £10,000,000. But of course, even if peace had been maintained, it could not have remained at this low figure. As our population increased, as our commerce spread, as our interests and our power extended, our necessary expenses must have increased likewise. These, independent of the charges of the debt, had risen, when peace again returned, to upwards of £20,000,000. We may therefore assume that, even without war, during the 23 years from 1793 to 1815 both inclusive, our expenses would have averaged (say) £15,000,000, per annum, or amounted in all to £345,000,000. But they *did* actually amount (still exclusive of interest of debt) to £920,000,000. Therefore the sum will stand thus:—

Actual expenditure during 23 years of war . . . . .	£	928,000,000
Probable expenditure if at peace . . . . .	£	345,000,000
Addition to debt during this period . . . . .		585,000,000
Actual cost of the war . . . . .	£	1,160,000,000
or above fifty millions per annum.		

Or to form our estimate by another set of figures, we find that the total expenditure of this country during the 23 years of war was £1,539,177,000. That sum was thus divided:—

Interest and charges of debt, 1793-1815 . . . . .	£	619,880,000
Army . . . . .		384,787,000
Navy . . . . .		328,237,000
Ordnance . . . . .		71,082,000
Subsidies to foreign Powers . . . . .		51,128,000
Civil list and miscellaneous services . . . . .		84,113,000
	£	1,589,177,000

The account is no doubt a most formidable, and even a frightful one. The naval and military expenses alone seem to have averaged nearly thirty-five millions per annum. But a few moments will show that these figures afford not the slightest clue by which to estimate the cost of the present war. The circumstances of the two epochs differ in almost every particular: and no conclusions drawn from the former

are applicable to the later period. During two-thirds of that disastrous struggle which commenced in 1793, the affairs of this country were conducted by a statesman who, with all his ability, was the most profuse and incapable of war-ministers, who lavished money more recklessly and obtained less in return for it, than any man on record. Then, he was nearly omnipotent in Parliament: there was no vigilant eye on his proceedings, no effective check on his extravagance. The taxes he levied and the loans he contracted went, no one knew how. After his death things were not much better conducted—witness the waste and mismanagement of the early part of the Spanish war. Now, on the contrary, though the country is willing enough to provide whatever means may be required, a strict account will be exacted and value received will be insisted upon for every shilling of the public money. Ministers will go about their work with a very different degree and sense of responsibility from that which weighed upon them in Mr. Pitt's time, and his wasteful and ineffective extravagance will be no longer possible.

Again. During a great part of the last war we had nearly all Europe against us. Often we had virtually to sustain the whole weight of the struggle; for when we had allies they were always either weak or poor. We had frequently to arm them, generally to clothe them, sometimes to pay their troops, sometimes to bribe them to fight. Whole shiploads of arms, clothes, and munitions of war were swallowed up in the devouring maw of the Spanish Juntas, with no perceptible result. We paid heavily for aid which we did not get. We paid continental nations for fighting their own battles. We spent upwards of £50,000,000 in foreign subsidies alone. In 1813, 1814, and 1815, these subsidies exceeded £10,000,000 a year. Now, that drain will not again be permitted. We may have to guarantee a loan for Turkey conjointly with France; we may have to aid her by something more than a loan; but the *system* of foreign subsidies we may feel sure is at an end. Now, too, in place of having all Europe either actively against us or prostrate in the dust, we have all Europe on our side. All the smaller Powers are neutral and independent; all the great Powers, except Russia, are united with us. *Then*, we had countless enemies and scarce one ally: *now*, we have one enemy, and a whole host of friends. *Then*, we were contending for existence and for empire: *now*, we are contending for justice to an ally and for security against an ambitious disturber of the equilibrium of Europe. *Then*, we were fighting with a foe in sight of our shores and bent upon aggressive warfare: *now*, our enemy is at the extremity of Europe, and though powerful for defence within his own frontier, is singularly weak for external attack. The degree to which the *proximity* of our adversary in the last war added to the costliness of our armaments deserves especial notice. We had to fortify our shores, to keep a large fleet in the Channel and around our coasts, and to maintain a large army in constant readiness at home, be-



sides the troops who were fighting our battles in every quarter of the world. It is calculated that at one period of the war we had a million of men under arms. In 1804, when an invasion was seriously threatened, we had on foot, besides the regular troops, 110,000 militia and 417,000 volunteers; and the cost of these preparations may be estimated from the fact that on that occasion our army expenses sprung up suddenly from £11,000,000 to £16,000,000, and the ordnance from £1,800,000 to £3,500,000. Now, on the contrary, we can be satisfied with about 60,000 militia, and an addition of 15,000 or 20,000 men to our regular army, and it is a remarkable and most encouraging fact that—the estimated deficit of the coming financial year (£2,800,000) being exactly equal to the realised surplus of the year just closed—we *should have been able to meet the first* (and possibly the sole) *campaign without a single additional loan or tax*, if the surplus in question had not been applied, before the actual crisis was foreseen, to paying off the discontents of a cancelled loan. And we confess we are sanguine enough to hope that our naval and military expenses will not require to be increased much beyond their present amount (say £18,000,000). We have seen that in the last war, with half Europe against us, with invasion menaced, with the foe at our very doors, £35,000,000 sufficed to meet our needs. Surely, now, with all Europe on our side, with our enemy powerless at sea, and in a distant quarter, it is not unreasonable to think that half that sum may prove adequate to the emergency.

But, while saying thus much to reassure those who are frightened by the statistics of the former war, we must guard ourselves against being supposed to advise any like parsimony in carrying on that which must always be a costly pastime; which is cheap only when it is short; which is remunerative only when decisive and triumphant. Economy in war is a folly only second to profusion. If for “a great nation to carry on a little war” is impossible, for a rich nation to carry on a parsimonious war would be wretched weakness, and for a commercial and pacific nation to carry on a protracted war would be sheer insanity. We have every motive and every means to make this contest a brief one. If “short and sharp,” it will cost comparatively little, whatever be the scale of our preparations, whatever the magnitude or extent of our operations. If “short and sharp,” there will be the less chance of its spreading into complicated involvements, less chance of embarrassment from insurrectionary movements, less chance of differences and coolness among allies, and more likelihood of bringing our enemy to terms at once. Whatever is needed should be done *at first*: whatever is wanted should be given at first. For this reason we especially approve of Mr. Gladstone’s proposal to levy the entire augmentation of the income tax at once. We should put forth our whole irresistible might at the outset; we should put our whole strength into our first blow—that no second blow may be needed.

We must, if possible, terminate the war in one campaign; and we believe this to be possible—so far at least as that in one campaign we may do all that we shall have to do. We may take or destroy the whole Russian navy; we may bombard Cronstadt and dismantle Sebastopol; we may drive Russia out of the Principalities; if we think necessary we may take Bessarabia from her, and probably oblige her to evacuate Georgia. That done we need do no more. Nicholas may or may not then be willing to make peace; but whether he does or not, he is beaten and crippled; the object of the war is gained; Turkey and her allies may still have to keep an army of observation on foot till negotiations are completed; but damaged commerce, a discontented nobility, and severe, irretrievable, and unmistakable reverses will ere long compel the Czar to yield. But in order to obtain these successes with the rapidity which is requisite, both England and France must be prepared to go into the matter with hearty and undivided zeal. No man doubts that, if they lend their whole energies to the work, they can do anything they please; and England has shown her intention to act with this singleness of purpose. She has set an example of putting aside till a more leisure season a great measure which many of her statesmen and her people had sincerely at heart, lest eventualities might arise from it which would have embarrassed and enfeebled her action; she has sent out two such powerful fleets as never went to sea before, and she has sent out the best equipped army—though a small one—that ever left her shores. France is preparing to do the same; and we say again that we trust that whatever force may be needed for terminating the war in one campaign may be sent out to the East; that neither nation will spare either men or money; and that the lesson given to the aggressor may be so prompt, so signal, so severe, as to deter any future Potentate from wantonly disturbing the peace of Europe, and to deprive the actual offender of the power to repeat his crime. If we do this, our outlay will not have been extravagant, and our money will have been well laid out. We shall escape probably with only a somewhat augmented and prolonged tax; and in return for this we shall have gained a knowledge of Russian weakness and a long immunity from Russian aggression; we shall have secured to Turkey exemption from those encroachments and intrigues which have hitherto impeded her internal improvements; we shall have enabled ourselves greatly to assist the emancipation and elevation of her Christian subjects; we shall have gained much-needed experience in both land and naval warfare under the altered conditions of the service; and, last not least, we shall have cemented our alliance with that country with which (both for her and our interests and for those of civilisation and freedom) a cordial friendship is most necessary, by the strongest of all ties—deeds of heroism enacted side by side, in a righteous and honorable cause.

Nations, like men, do everything best by do-

ing only one thing at a time. The Reform Bill postponed by general consent, our hands are free for the especial work before us. But this need not so absorb all our time and thoughts as to incapacitate us from following up those secondary but scarcely minor improvements which involve no irreconcilable differences of opinion and entail the menace of no political crises. We may proceed with Law Reform; with the re-arrangement of ecclesiastical tribunals; with University Reform; with the Bills for the purification of elections, and the better

decision of elections; with the various suggestions which have been made for the amendment of our criminal jurisprudence. These will afford us occupation enough for the Session; and when victory shall have crowned our arms, and secure peace shall once more dawn upon the country, we shall then be able to recur with fresh interest and an unharassed mind to those larger and more doubtful schemes of improvement about which wise and honest men may differ, as they have agreed in postponing them at a time of strife, tumult, and exertion.

NEGRO SATURNALIA.—On the festival of Nosso Senhor do Rozario, the slaves elect from their own body a king and queen, whose dignity is confirmed by their masters. They must be *bona fide* slaves; no free negroes are eligible, although many colored freemen take part in the festivity. However, not only the royal pair are elected by the populace, but a whole series of princes and princesses, together with ministers, courtiers, and ladies of honor, swell the state of the new potentate. All these dignitaries are decked out as finely as possible with old uniforms, cast-off court-dresses, silk shoes, cloaks, and indeed whatever they can scrape together—real gold and diamonds being held in especial respect. In the residence of Dr. Lind, I saw a little princess, the daughter of his major-domo, who was literally burdened with gold chains, and thus wore a considerable amount of precious metal. Much of this belonged to her parents, and much had been borrowed. On these occasions, the negroes willingly assist each other, for only the dignitaries, not the voluntary participants in the festival, are allowed to be thus finely adorned. The king has a paper crown on his head, and a gilt sceptre in his hand; the queen is adorned with a diadem, and the officials generally wear laced hats. With this pomp and circumstance, the monarch, accompanied by all his subjects, standard-bearers, minstrels, guards, &c., marches to church to the sound of the drum, and of a sort of tin rattle, there to be consecrated by the priest. This ceremony is followed by a solemn procession through the village, terminating in a general banquet. The expenses of the banquet are usually defrayed by the owner of the queen; but the other expenses, especially the fees of the church, are usually covered by the voluntary contributions of the persons present. After dinner there is a general merry-making at the expense of the parties themselves, which lasts till a late hour of the night, and often leads to another procession by torch-light. The festivities are continued even to the second and third day, until the purse is drained, and a general exhaustion follows, as the natural consequence of over-excitement. Then all gradually return to their old habits. The king and queen lay down their dignities, ministers and ladies of honor put off their court dresses, and the gold ornaments repose once more in their caskets, or in the hands of their real owners. Vain and unmeaning as all this

must appear to the cultivated spectator, who will see in it nothing but empty grimace and poor wit, the festival is of the utmost importance in the eyes of the negro, who would not, even for a handsome remuneration, consent to work on the great day of rejoicing.—*Burmeister's Travels to Brazil.*

OPPOSITION TO ERROR.—“Take heed you measure not your love to truth by your opposition unto error. If hatred of error and superstition spring from sincere love of truth and true religion, the root is good and the branch is good. But if your love to truth and true religion spring from hatred to others' error and superstition, the root is naught and the branch is naught: then can no other fruit be expected, but hypocrisy, hardness of heart, and uncharitable censuring of others.”—JACKSON, vol. 3, p. 685.

LIVERIES, RED AND SCARLET.—In a provincial paper, I noticed a paragraph dating the origin of wearing red coats in fox-hunting from a mandate of Henry II., who it appears made fox-hunting a royal sport, and gave to all distributors of foxes the scarlet uniform of the royal household: this also would involve another question as regards the origin of scarlet being the colour of the royal livery. Can any of your sporting or antiquarian correspondents give me any authority for the former, and any information about the latter?—*Notes and Queries*!”

THE BONE LUX.—“HADRIAN (whose bones may they be ground, and his name blotted out!) asked R. Joshua Ben Hannaiah, How doth a man revive again in the world to come? He answered and said, From Lux, in the back-bone. Saith he to him, Demonstrate this to me. Then he took Lux, a little bone out of the back-bone, and put it in water, and it was not steeped; he put it into fire, and it was not burnt; he brought it to the mill, and that could not grind it; he laid it on the anvil, and knocked it with a hammer, but the anvil was cleft and the hammer broken.”—*Lightfoot*, vol. 12, p. 352.

From the Spectator, 11 March.

## THE TWO FLAGS.

"It is best," says Mrs. Malaprop, "to begin with a little aversion;" and from an unpleasant commencement it would appear as if France and England were about to enter upon an enduring union. We cannot regard the spectacle presented at the banquet of the Reform Club on Tuesday last as a mere transitory show. Of all that was said, done, and seen in that room, there was nothing so remarkable as the fact, that over the head of the chairman, on the occasion of a banquet to celebrate the departure of a British Admiral on active duty, the French and English ensigns were united. Perhaps the only fact equally remarkable was, that British officers, naval and military, returned thanks for the navies and armies of France and England. New convictions must have taken possession of both countries that can unite thus, not only in ordinary life, but equally on these high festivals, and on the stern field of war. In council, in trade, at the feast, and in the battle, "the natural enemies" are becoming accustomed to meet each other as comrades.

Now, such extraordinary changes in the position of nations, however sudden they may appear, must be the results of long enduring influences. Great bodies are not moved by a breath of wind; and the last act which brings them into relation is not all-powerful by itself, but only the last of a long series. Long-enduring causes usually have long-enduring results; and we might on that simple account anticipate for the friendship of France and England a longer continuance than their enmity,—which is saying much.

It is observed that the two countries are now united for the first time since their Crusades against the Saracen; but now they unite in *defence* of the Saracen. The parallel points to the wonderful change which has taken place in Europe since the Saracen was the encroaching power—the power which possessed, perchance, the largest share of civilization and military strength—the power which was ablest to exercise the cruellest sway. Christianity has advanced since those days as well as Islam; and if the repentance of the Mussulman is recent—if his adhesion to civilization is newly given—the oft-repeated boast of the European that he has been advancing, long and far, on the same road, engages us to receive the new advances of Turkey with the highest encouragement, and to show that Christianity can exercise a better spirit than in converting the Mussulman at the point of the sword. Christian and Saracen are both beginning to give up that species of instruction; and, under the influence of the improving spirit, France and England, once contending for ascendancy in Europe, are now united to sustain quiet law against merely ambitious dominion. Better convictions must have seized the people of both countries—must have possessed not only the mind of leading writers or speakers, but

the feelings and the thoughts of the body of the people.

There are, however, special circumstances bearing on the present and the future, as well as the past, which also give hope for a continuance of this better union. In coming together, France and England discover that, notwithstanding their diversities of temperament, they have common feelings and can join in common action. England discovers that France, notwithstanding her military genius, can begin to appreciate commercial philosophy, and can entertain the proposition about which England feels most in earnest—the free extension of trade. On the other hand, in coming together, France may discover that trading England can entertain sentiments higher and more generous than those which belong alone to the factory or the shop, and can even bestow her well-calculated gains upon an enterprise which may return no direct profit, but is to secure the welfare of a race comparatively insignificant, and the law which protects the feeble against the strong.

The French Monarch is "his Most Christian Majesty," or used to be; the English Monarch is "the Defender of the Faith;" and in times past, Protestant England would have spurned the idea of joining with Romish France, while the eldest son of the Catholic Church would have scouted the idea of taking part with heretic England. We do not say much at present about Protestant and Catholic in these matters; we find that there are Christian principles under which even the Mussulman challenges our sense of duty; and it is not upon these dogmatic differences that France and England take their stand,—they leave that to Russia,—but on the ground of a common Christianity.

But the mere permanence of a union between France and England would imply further results besides the reciprocal benefit to the two countries. For by the union of those two countries, as it has always been said, the progress of civilization is guaranteed; and if we let fancy for a moment yield to its impulse, we discern the possibility of two vast consequences which might soon begin to show themselves under shelter of that great union. A real "entente cordiale"—a thorough community of understanding—would be the first step towards establishing the basis for a jurisdiction extending over more states than one—for an international jurisdiction; and in arriving at that true comity of nations, we might hereafter attain that about which heretofore we have talked—an international law. But under the same community of interests, with a better mutual insight into motives, with a better appreciation of diversity of genius, we might learn to penetrate through the surface of institutions to detect the working of the same laws within; and, attaching less importance to the simple formula of political machinery, studying more modestly the laws of political dynamics, we might learn to busy ourselves less about political agitations for *a priori* devices, and join in promoting the growth of national genius under a freer rule, qualified by mutual forbearance and general

sympathy between classes within states as well as between states. Viewed from our new position of reciprocity, we must revise our old boast that one Englishman is worth three Frenchmen. Or we may repeat it with a dif-

ference, and say that one Englishman of the new Christian school is worth three Frenchmen of the old quarrelling time; while one Frenchman united with us is worth three Englishmen boasting of themselves.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Minnie Hermon; or, the Night and its Morning.* A Tale for the Times. By Thurlow W. Brown, author of "Temperance Tales and Hearth-stone Reveries." Auburn and Buffalo: Miller, Orton & Mulligan.

*The Life of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans.* By David W. Bartlett, author of "Life of Lady Jane Grey," etc. Auburn and Buffalo: Miller, Orton & Mulligan.

*Corinne; or, Italy.* By Madame De Staël. Translated by Isabel Hill—with Metrical Versions of the Odes, by L. E. Landon. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird.

*Vathek.* An Arabian Tale. By William Beckford, Esq.—with a Memoir of the Author, and Notes Critical and Explanatory. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird.

F. W. Snow & Co. who advertise at 91 Washington street, Boston, their manufactory of Gold Pens, have sent us a very good one, which we feel bound to notice. It has a "protector holder," a sort of case that slips down over it when not in use, and protects the point. These pens are warranted to write well and spell correctly.

THE BIBLE IN RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—In the House of Peers, on the 10th March, the Earl of Shaftesbury, moving for papers further to illustrate the state of religious liberty among the Christians in Turkey, called attention to the manifesto of the Emperor of Russia charging England and France with siding with "the enemies of Christianity." Lord Shaftesbury resented this imputation; and cited ample evidence to show, that of late years Turkey has done everything she can to advance, and Russia everything "to suppress" the progress of Protestant Christianity throughout the world. He wished the Russians well North of Archangel, and the Turks well East of the Euphrates; but, called on to choose, he infinitely preferred Turkish to Russian dominion. Lord Shaftesbury also showed that the Turks readily allow the Bible to circulate, that there are sixty-five regular Protestant teachers in Turkey, and fourteen schools in Constantinople alone, and that the only hindrance to the free scope of every religious movement comes from the Greek and Armenian clergy. In Russia, on the contrary, religious associations are not permitted; no Bible in Russia is allowed to circulate; there are two millions of Hebrews in Russia, but no Bible in Hebrew is allowed; and missions among the Tartars are not permitted. Lord Shaftesbury showed, that as early as 1846 the Turkish Government stepped in between

the upper clergy of "the Orthodox [Greek] faith" and the Protestants, and shielded the latter from persecutions by the former, as bad as any practised by Turk or Romanist. Had the Sultan restored, as demanded by Russia, the "status quo ab antiquo," all the rights granted to the Protestant Rayahs by the Sultan would have been swept away.

The Earl of Clarendon had no objection to produce the papers. He thanked Lord Shaftesbury for the statement he had made; which came opportunely to allay doubts as to the character of the contest and to stamp it with its true character. Nothing had occurred so culpable as the attempt by Russia to give this war a religious character. He believed that the manifesto had called forth but a faint and feeble response among the upper and middle classes in Russia, because they did not feel that their religion *was* in danger. In Turkey there has been no outbreak of Mahometan fanaticism; but Russian agents have been among the Sultan's Greek subjects inciting them to revolt. Lord Clarendon read a despatch from Lord Stratford, received only half an hour before he came to the House, to the effect that "the firman for establishing Christian evidence on an equality with Mussulman throughout the Turkish empire is complete," and has been sanctioned by the Sultan. In the course of his speech, Lord Clarendon made a forcible statement of the objects of the war. After saying that they were about to support a weak against a powerful state, to prevent the unjust interpretation of a treaty by force, and the disturbance of the European equilibrium, he continued—

"I hope that we shall also put a stop to *that blasting influence* which has deprived more than one country of Europe—indeed, I may say, so large a portion of Europe—of its freedom of action; an influence which is always exerted to check that progress which is essential to the welfare of nations, and an influence, moreover, which by stigmatizing as revolutionary, and by checking all those improvements which governments have been willing to give, and the people being fit to receive were entitled to expect, has encouraged disloyalty and discontent, and has so operated that Russian influence has really served the cause of revolution."

HUMAN IMPERFECTION.—"I don't know," says Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "what comfort other people find in considering the weakness of great men—(because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their own level)—but 'tis always a mortification to me to observe that there is no perfection in humanity."—Vol. 2, p. 111.